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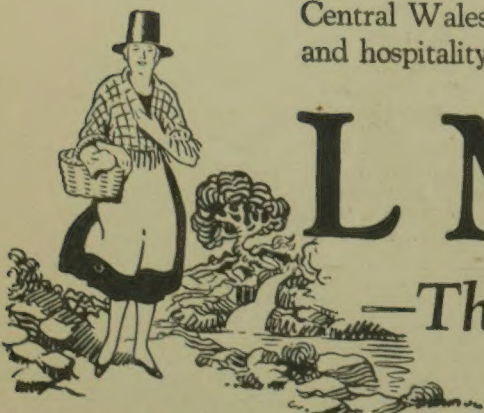
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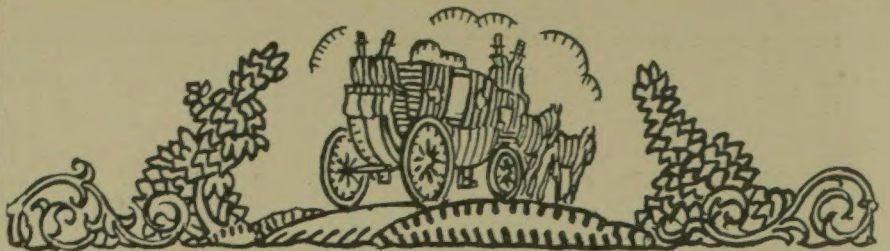
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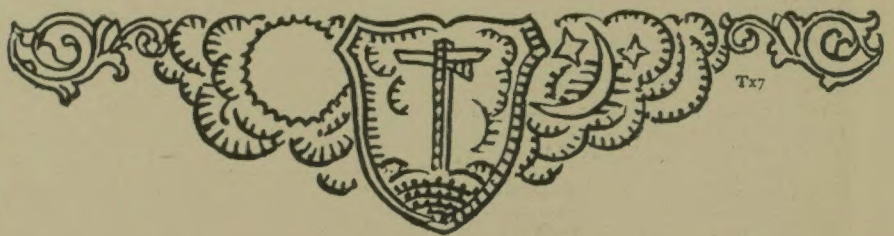
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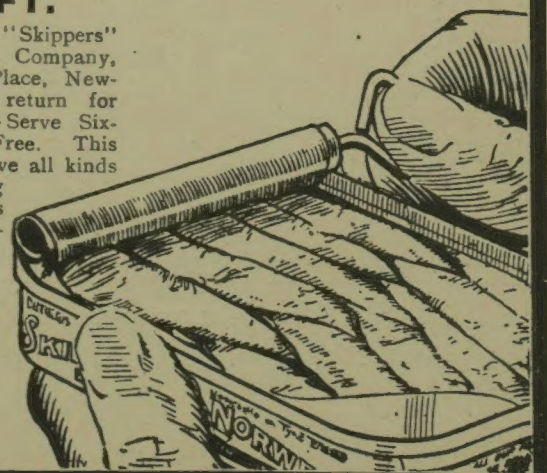
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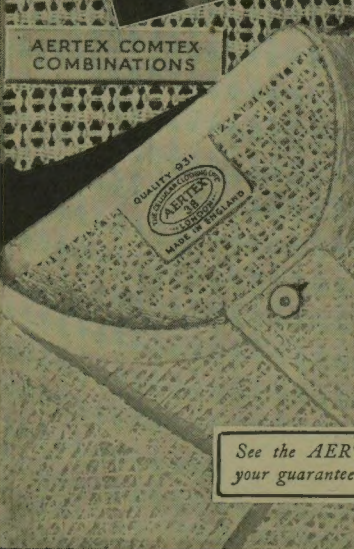
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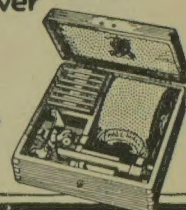
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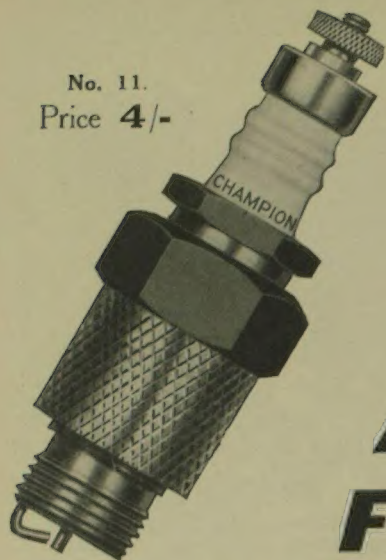


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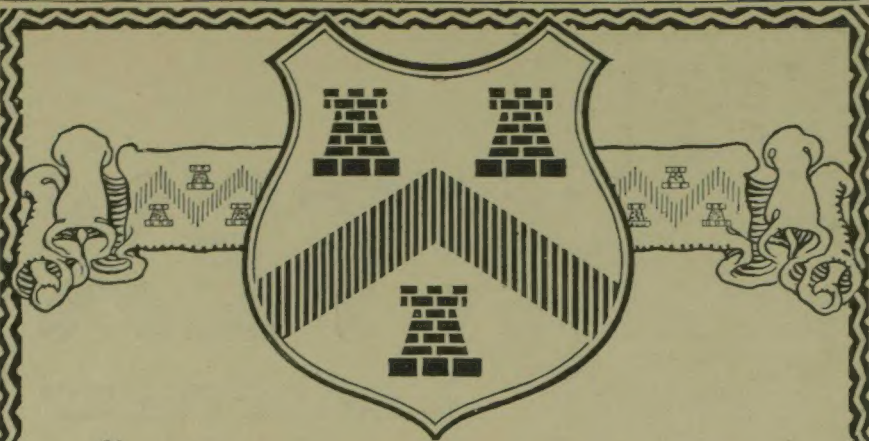
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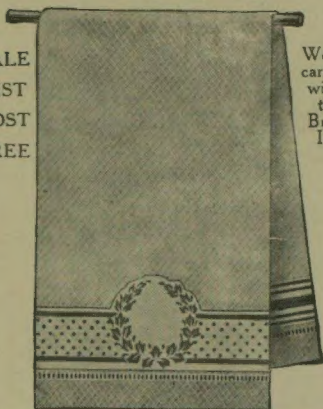
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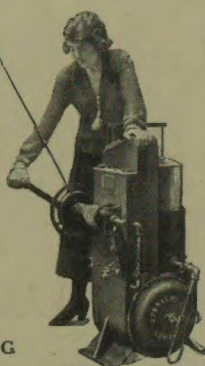
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1925.

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THE GREAT NEW STEP IN CANCER RESEARCH: MR. J. E. BARNARD, F.R.S. (LEFT) AND DR. W. E. GYE.

Dr. William Ewart Gye was born at Long Eaton, Derbyshire, the son of a railway workman, and himself became a railway clerk, at ten shillings a week, with aspirations towards the career of a professional cricketer. He began to study in earnest when he was seventeen, saved enough to take him to London, and there qualified for the B.Sc. degree. Then, as a schoolmaster in the Midlands, he earned the wherewithal to enrol at Edinburgh University, where he paid his fees and expenses by coaching other students. In 1912 he qualified as a doctor. In 1913 he took his M.D., and during the war he served with a mobile laboratory in France and Italy, work which brought him to the

notice of the Medical Research Council, whose scientific staff he joined. His paper concerning the new research into cancer is published in the "Lancet" under the title, "The *Ætiology of Malignant New Growths*."—Mr. J. E. Barnard, who is a Fellow of the Royal Society and a very famous microscopist, is the son of a West End hatter. He is Lecturer in Microscopy at King's College, Hon. Sec. of the Royal Microscopical Society, and in charge of the Department of Applied Optics at the National Institute for Medical Research. His paper in the "Lancet" is: "The Microscopical Examination of Filterable Viruses Associated with Malignant New Growths."

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.

BISON TRANSPORTED BY RAIL AND SCOW: THE ROUNDING-UP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. G. MOSES.



DURING A ROUND-UP OF THE AMERICAN BISON SINCE TRANSPORTED IN CATTLE-TRUCKS AND SCOWS: BISON BEING DRIVEN INTO CORRALS AT WAINWRIGHT.



CUT OUT FROM THE OLDER ANIMALS: YEARLINGS AND TWO-YEAR-OLDS OF THE TWO THOUSAND ANIMALS TRANSFERRED FROM ALBERTA TO THE WOOD RESERVE.



SHOWING THE FLANKING MOVEMENTS OF THE RIDERS: BISON TRYING TO BREAK FOR FREEDOM ON SIGHTING THE CORRALS—AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRST ANNUAL ROUND-UP TO RELIEVE THE CONGESTION IN THE CANADIAN NATIONAL BUFFALO PARK AT WAINWRIGHT.



PAWING THE GROUND AND WITH HER TAIL INDICATING ANGER AND A DECISION TO CHARGE: AN OBSTINATE COW.



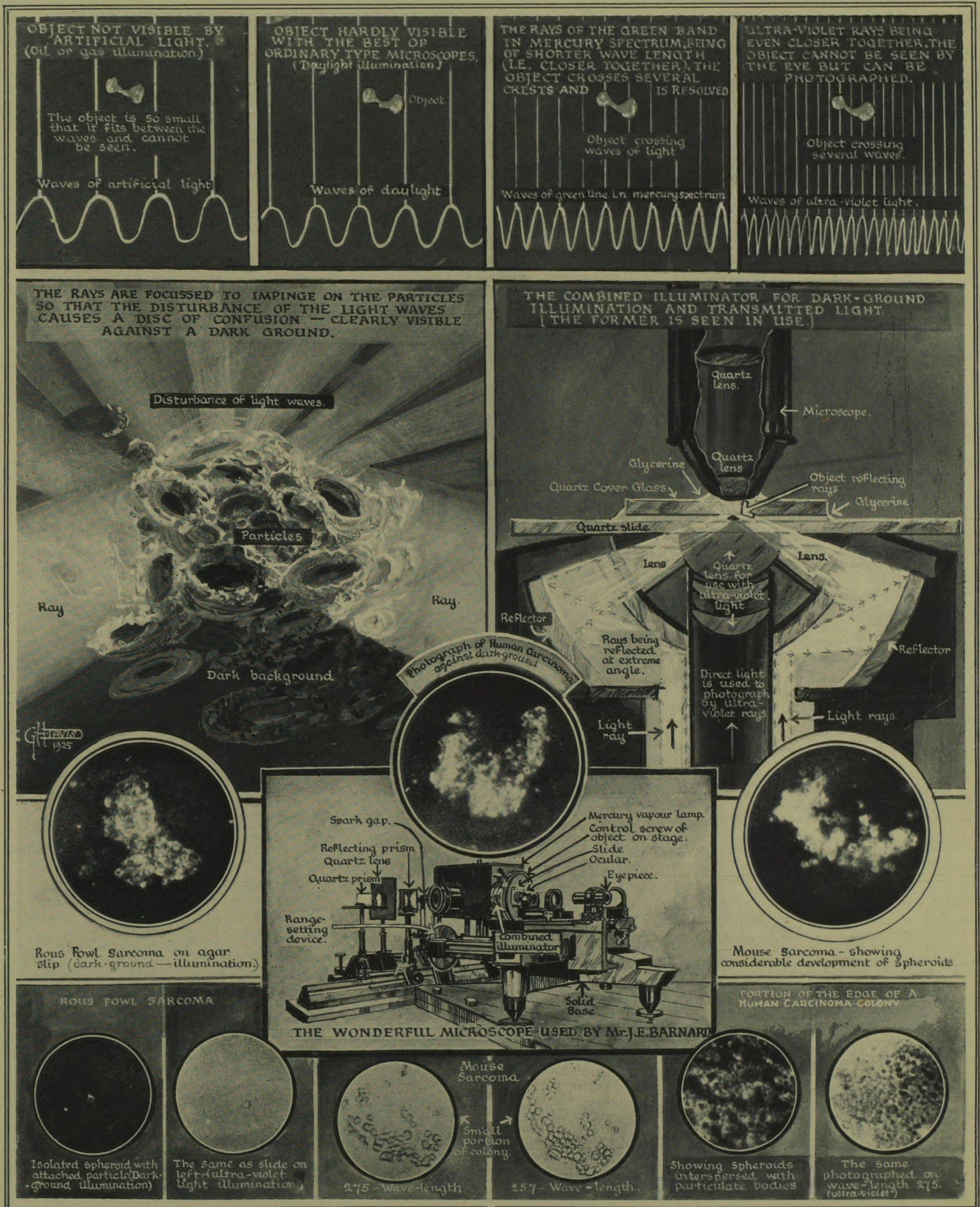
AT THE END OF A LARIAT: AN OBSTINATE BISON IS BROUGHT TO BOOK AT LAST AND IS LED-IN DURING THE BIG ROUND-UP AT WAINWRIGHT.

Protected by the Canadian Government, the American bison, which, as recently as the beginning of the present century, was threatened with imminent extinction, has flourished to such an extent that the few specimens enclosed in the sixty-square-mile reserve near Wainwright, in Alberta, have multiplied to some ten thousand. So big has the herd grown, in fact, that the beasts have to be hand-fed in winter, and the reserve can hold no more. To relieve the congestion, the Canadian Government has determined to draft two thousand young animals

yearly to a bigger reserve in the north. This year 2000 have been moved. The first shipment reached Wood Buffalo Reserve, near Fort Smith, in the North-West Territory, recently, after a rail and river journey of between six and seven hundred miles—in cattle-trucks and on scows. The bison in question are all yearlings and two-year-olds rounded up from the huge park area at Wainwright. On reaching their new home, they made a mad dash for the shelter of the woods.

THE NEW STEP IN CANCER RESEARCH: THE GYE-BARNARD INVESTIGATIONS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



USED IN THE DISCERNMENT AND PHOTOGRAPHING OF THE CANCER GERM, WHICH IS 1-250,000TH OF AN INCH IN DIAMETER: THE BARNARD ULTRA MICROSCOPE—AND PHOTO-MICROGRAPHS OF CANCER GERMS.

The new super-microscope evolved by Mr. Barnard enables us to discern and photograph objects ten times smaller than the best of normal microscopes can reveal. The cancer germ is 1-250,000th of an inch in diameter. To realise this infinitesimal size, imagine one of these germs magnified to an inch in diameter. A man of average height (5 ft. 8 in.) enlarged on the same scale would be more than 260 miles high. To see these minute objects, light of very short wave-lengths has to be employed. A mercury vapour lamp is used. The film of fluid under examination is searched, not by transmitted light, but by light focussed in a special dark-ground illuminator at such an oblique angle that no direct light

reaches the eye through the microscope. This is seen in operation in the illustration of the Combined Illuminator. When a particle intercepts these beams it refracts some of them, and is seen as a faintly luminous disc against a velvet-black background. Detail is not discernible. To disclose detail and structure the object must be photographed with transmitted light of far shorter wave-length, such as the ultra-violet rays. These cannot be seen by the eye, but affect a photographic plate. The new instrument embodies devices for rapid change from visual illumination to photographic illumination of the apparatus. Ultra-violet rays will not pass through glass; therefore, all lenses have to be made of quartz.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I WROTE something last week about Robert Louis Stevenson and an injustice that is often done to him, especially recently in one particular article. It is a form of injustice that is far too often done and far too seldom noticed. It consists of first asserting that a man is the object of idolatry, and then complaining that he does not behave like the imaginary idol. First of all I say, "Mr. Smith of Surbiton is treated by his family as if he were a god," and have very little difficulty in finding a good many matters in which that excellent Surbiton family does indeed defer to the wishes and consult the comfort of Mr. Smith. And then I say, "Look at the littleness of his interests; observe the pettiness of his behaviour. See how funny he looks when he is running for the Surbiton train. Remark how cross he is when he finds his coffee has got cold. And this is a god! This is a divine being! This is a man to whom we are asked to offer a supernatural worship." And it is useless to answer that we are not asked to do anything of the kind. For the idolatry has been taken as a first principle in the argument, and, just as the critic had no difficulty in showing a good many things in which an ordinary man is a little too much of a tin god to some of his dependents, so he has no difficulty in showing a good many things in which his behaviour is hardly in the legendary sense like that of a god. Indeed, it bears a curious resemblance to that of a man.

Now this method, which is really a very unfair method, can be applied not only to an obscure man like Smith, but to famous men like Stevenson. It is often applied, for instance, to great men like Napoleon. A whole literature exists which may be said to be devoted to describing the small actions of the great Emperor. And the moral always is the same—a burst of scornful satire over such trivial things attaching to the super-man who towers above all mankind. It never occurs to the critics that they do not attach to a super-man, but to an ambitious and impatient, but not ignoble, Italian officer of French artillery. It never occurs to them that even Napoleon never said he was a god, or professed to be able to behave like a super-man towering over all mankind. For this reason I think the modern fashion of detailed depreciation in biography is generally very questionable, and often quite false. In this I think the legend is far truer than the literature. The legend represents the general impact and impression made by Napoleon on mankind. The literature of the hypercritical sort often consists of little notes made by one man from a motive of malice covered by a mask of impartiality. So, in the other case to which I have referred, the critic wrote more truly than he knew when he gave his article the satirical title of "The Myth of Stevenson." There may be a myth, but what he substitutes for it is not a man. It is the case against a man, as it could be made against a good many men. But the myth was made out of the impressions of a good many men. The myth was the admission and announcement that a man had appeared who really had a number of very original and attractive talents and virtues. A great personality.

In the same connection I remarked that Stevenson produced this impression on his contemporaries, partly for a reason which we cannot understand without considering who those contemporaries were. The tone of his time was one which threw up his virtues much more than his affectations, in so far as they were affectations. Stevenson was an artist; he was also an aesthete; and it was the age when artists and aesthetes posed in picturesque attitudes all down the street. What was arresting about Stevenson was that he posed in a cheerful and courageous attitude—in a fighting attitude. And he really had something to fight. It was not really pirates and highwaymen; perhaps it was not really German officials or

his position: of what he shared with the æsthetic fashion of his hour and of what he refused to share with it. There really were some things that he did not understand, because it was not in the atmosphere of his epoch to understand them. And I have never seen most of these things noticed very much, even by the people who were really resolved to make a case against him. On some of the points which he is praised as having treated almost perfectly, he seems to me to have been really wrong. For instance, he seems to me to have been really wrong about Villon. Every eulogistic account of Stevenson, and even every critical account of Stevenson, seems more or less to accept his critical account of Villon. All have very rightly admired the truly picturesque quality in his sketch of François Villon in mediæval Paris, the nightmare of snow and wolves and gargoyles. But few seem to have looked at his conception of an intensely interesting character from all sides, or indeed from any other side. Whatever their view of Stevenson, most of them seem to use his eyes when they look at Villon.

Now as a matter of fact this cult of Villon was by no means peculiar to Stevenson. This fancy about the fascinating figure of the ragged poet and the romantic thief was one of the things that belonged rather to Stevenson's generation than to Stevenson. This was one of the things which he did have in common with the decadents in the cafés drinking absinthe and praising suicide. All the pagans and pessimists round about and just before his date had cultivated this enthusiasm for the poetical thief. Rossetti had written his famous translations, especially the most famous refrain of "Where are the snows of yester-year?" Swinburne had written a laudatory ballade, with one of the most unmusical refrains ever invented by a very musical poet—something like "Villon, our sad, bad, mad, glad brother's name." The school of Henley and of Andrew Lang, when they revived the form of the ballade, felt it to be inseparable from the name of François Villon. And all these poets, most of whom were pessimists, poured all their pessimism into their conception of Villon. They also unfortunately poured all their conception into Stevenson. This is rather one of the cases in which he did yield to the worst errors of his time, rather than one of the many matters in which he resisted them. He did assume that, because Villon was a thief and many of his expressions were harsh or coarse or sarcastic, therefore he was necessarily a heathen and atheistic sort of character, like the heathens and atheists who drank green wine round the café tables. But he was not. He certainly was a thief. We all have our little weaknesses. But he was a most thoroughly and heartily Christian thief. I have very little doubt that he

was, in the last resort, worthy to bear the noble name of a Penitent Thief. His eyes were most certainly not so "seared with their own filth" that they could not recognise anything spiritual and pure. And it is surely strange that Stevenson should say that Villon's blind cynicism could ignore the heroic element like that of St. Joan, for Villon actually mentions St. Joan; and, what is more important, writes a line about her Master that might have been written for her, an untranslatable line of perfect splendour that might perhaps be rendered, "Offered his clear and shining youth to death."



TO BE OPENED BY TWO CARDINALS: THE NEW NAVE OF THE BENEDICTINE ABBEY CHURCH, DOWNSIDE, A MEMORIAL TO THOSE OLD BOYS OF DOWNSIDE SCHOOL WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE GREAT WAR.

The Nave of the beautiful Abbey Church, Downside, which, designed by Sir Giles Scott, has been built as a memorial to those Old Boys of Downside School, Stretton-on-the-Fosse, who gave their lives in the Great War, will be opened with imposing ceremonies to-day (July 25) by their Eminences Cardinals Bourne and Gasquet, and on Monday next a further Memorial Service will be held, when the Roll of Honour will be unveiled by Sir Hugh Clifford, the Governor-elect of Ceylon, the name of whose son appears in the list.—[Photograph by Herbert Lambert.]

Protestant missionaries. But it was really disease and death, which some have thought to be even more depressing things than German officials and Protestant missionaries. It is not strange that he stood out among a number of poets and prose writers (most of them in excellent health) who declared that life itself is a disease of which the only cure is death.

Now it strikes me as interesting that in the many studies of Stevenson, eulogistic and hostile, there has been very little notice taken of this double problem in

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IN PART A WAR MEMORIAL: THE DOWNSIDE BENEDICTINES' CHURCH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HERBERT LAMBERT.



PLACE OF WORSHIP OF THE MONKS WHO REPRESENT THOSE WHO CAME TO ENGLAND WITH ST. AUGUSTINE :
THE NAVE OF THE ABBEY CHURCH, WHICH IS TO BE OPENED AS A WAR MEMORIAL TO-DAY (JULY 25).

The nave of the Abbey Church, Downside, of which we give a north view, is by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, and completes this notable edifice of the English Benedictines. In the north transept of the church is the shrine of Oliver Plunket, whose body, when he was martyred in 1681, was taken to a monastery in Germany; in 1883 it was brought to Downside, and in 1920 "translated" to its shrine there, with a Papal decree

of Beatification. The adjacent modern monastery buildings, begun in 1870, are not yet completed. The Benedictine Order came to England with St. Augustine in 597, but was exiled on the Continent when the penal laws against Catholics were in force. Returning from France in 1793, the present community, after a short stay near Shrewsbury, settled in Downside in 1814.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, C.N., S. AND G., P. AND A., KEYSTONE, C.P., AND ILLUS. BUREAU.



ARTIFICIAL RAIN TO PREVENT HARD GOING AT THE FAMOUS SANDOWN PARK RACE-COURSE: THE SPRAYING FROM PIPES FITTED ALONG THE RAILS.



POLYPHONTES WINS THE ECLIPSE FOR THE SECOND TIME—AND EQUALS THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF ORME AND BUCHAN: MR. "SOLLY" JOEL LEADING IN HIS HORSE.



THE WORK OF THE STEEPLE-JACKS: HOOTON HALL TOWER, CHESHIRE, FALLING, TO GIVE WAY TO VILLAS.



A NEW "ZOO" BABY: THE TWO-DAYS-OLD KIANG (TIBETAN WILD ASS) WITH ITS MOTHER.



AN INDEPENDENCE DAY DISASTER: THE COLLAPSED BUILDING THAT HOUSED THE PICKWICK CLUB.



A PIGEON-RACE FROM THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: RELEASING THE 250 BIRDS FOR THEIR JOURNEY TO STAFFORDSHIRE.

Sandown Park Race-course has installed a new watering system, three miles of jet-fitted piping running along the rails a foot from the ground.—Mr. S. B. Joel's Polyphontes won the Eclipse Stakes, at Sandown Park, by a neck. Zambo was second, and Diophon was third. Polyphontes also won last year; so by its new victory it equalled the achievements of Orme, who won in 1892 and 1893, and Buchan, who won in 1919 and 1920.—The 100-foot clock tower of Hooton Hall has been demolished in order to clear the ground for the erection of villas. The



THE QUEEN' OPENS THE EXTENSION OF THE SALVATION ARMY'S MOTHER'S HOSPITAL AT HACKNEY: HER MAJESTY WITH GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH.

Hall, a modern building, was a seat of the Stanleys, and later came into the possession of the Hooton Club.—A hundred or so members of the Pickwick Club were dancing in the fifth storey of an old building in the China-Town district of Boston, Massachusetts, on the morning of July 4, when the structure collapsed. On the following day it was reported that four dead bodies and twenty-five badly injured dancers had been dug out, and that thirty people were missing.

DEDICATED TO THE USE OF THE PUBLIC FOR EVER: KEN WOOD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G. AND C.P.



AFTER HE HAD OPENED IT TO THE PUBLIC: THE KING WALKING THROUGH THE PARK OF KEN WOOD.

IN THE "FRAGMENT OF THE ANCIENT FOREST OF MIDDLESEX": THE QUEEN WALKING THROUGH KEN WOOD.



"THE HAPPY CONCLUSION OF MORE THAN A CENTURY'S EFFORTS TO PRESERVE THIS LINE OF HEIGHTS": THE HUGE CROWD ATTENDING THE ROYAL OPENING OF KEN WOOD.

On Saturday, July 18, the King, who was accompanied by the Queen, formally declared Ken Wood open for the use of the public for ever. The ceremony, which was favoured by glorious summer weather, was attended by large crowds, and his Majesty, in the course of his speech, made an appeal to all who would take advantage of this new health-spot to assist the authorities in keeping it free from that unsightly litter which so often disfigures public parks. Ken Wood was very aptly described by the King as a place of "wild and unspoilt beauty,"

proof of which is afforded by the pictures given above. It is one of the last remaining portions of the ancient forest of Middlesex, and is 121 acres in extent. For many years past the Ken Wood Preservation Council have been untiring in their efforts to secure the ownership of the estate, and their success in this was crowned by Saturday's function. This new public playground now continues the open space areas, extending from Hampstead Heath to Golders Green, available for the people of London.

"GRACE AND COUNTENANCE": THE ORNAMENTAL NAVY—AND ECONOMY.

"OLD SHIP FIGURE-HEADS AND STERNS." By L. G. CARR LAUGHTON.*

WITH "The Cruiser Crisis" as heading for newspaper comments and criticisms, with disagreement in a Cabinet which is compelled to balance the relative fighting-powers of the nations and to refuse, on grounds of economy, the welfare suggestions advanced by the Lower Deck, with Mr. Lloyd George's "what we want at this moment is not fast cruisers, but slow spenders," it is well to bear in mind the obvious, yet somehow unobtrusive, fact that History retains the habit of repeating itself.

removed by a shot in the vessel's famous duel with the *Vengeur* on "the Glorious First of June"—

Then a solemn deputation from the *Brunswick's* fo'c'sle came

With the news to Captain Harvey: "Sir! Your Honour! 'Tis for shame,
And in no ways right or proper, for our Royal Duke to go

With his noble head uncovered in the face of any foe."

"So the Captain, himself wounded, gave the deputation a gold-laced hat, which the carpenter nailed in place—

And the noble Duke came through it, like a fighter born and bred,
With his hand upon his sword-hilt, and his hat upon his head.

Orders began it, needless to say. In the case of H.M. ships there were many: 1703 saw the reduction of carved works; 1737, an "Order further reducing the prices allowed for carvings; 1773, the same; 1796, an Order "to explode carve works altogether on board H.M. ships that be built or repaired in future, except what may be necessary for the mouldings about the scroll or billet head, and the stern and quarters," and to fit scrolls instead of figure-heads—the latter so unpopular that it was not enforced, although busts were substituted for whole figures in frigates and smaller ships. Figure-heads persisted, indeed, until 1894 in the case of large ships of the Navy, and until a little later on the small-masted ships—the sloops of the *Odin* and *Espiegle* class of 1901 even served with them still in place in the war of 1914, carrying on the ancient tradition that the ship, having to find her way, needs eyes, a tradition followed in old "Egypt by drawing on the resources of an extensive pantheon; in Phœnicia by symbolising the ship as a swift horse; in many countries and in many ages, from ancient Greece to China, by painting an eye on either bow; by the Northmen of the Middle Ages by likening their ships to snakes and dragons."

And very drastic the Orders were—if not immediately effective. Regulation of costs and standardisation

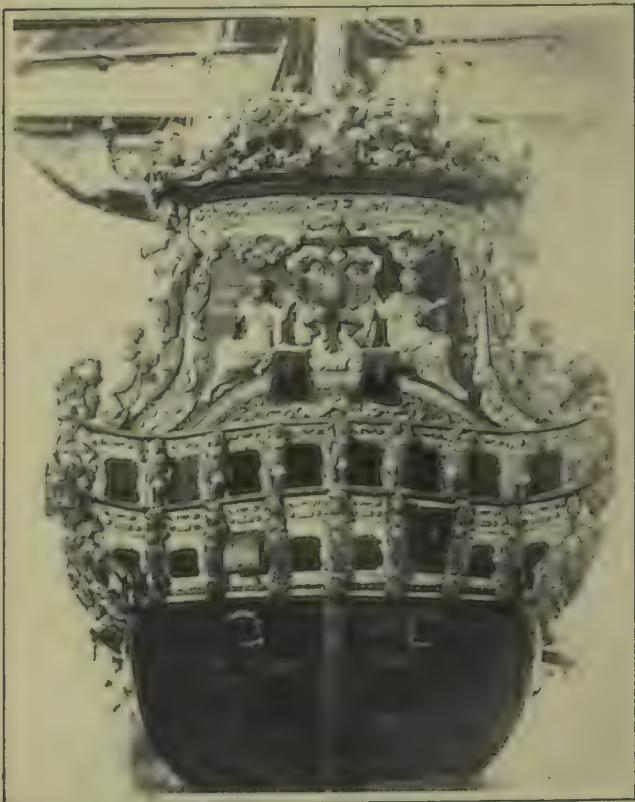
had their way in the end, and artistic designers, carvers, gilders, painters, and, doubtless, the heralds, ceased to rejoice in labours contrived to make sea-going craft "loom fair." This, though "it took the prestige of Trafalgar to reconcile seamen to the new method of painting their ships; and in the latter part of the nineteenth century they showed themselves as unwilling to abandon the figure-head as they were to see the masts and yards go over the side." For the authorities did not appreciate art in "improper places," and would not countenance the craftsmen who "enhanced the cost of their carvings so enormously that the administration rose in its wrath and tied them down to very strict limits." Ships had to cease being pictures and to achieve "that kind of beauty which is the outward symbol of perfect fitness for the work in hand."

Fancy, flourishing under Elizabeth, hid beneath gold paint instead of gold leaf during the Commonwealth, regained freedom at the Restoration, and rose to flourishing absurdity under William III. "The history of naval ornament in the eighteenth century is one of gradual reduction, abroad as well as at home, for it was a century of almost continuous wars, and extravagances could not be borne." A tightening of the belt had become imperative; and, apart from that, the men on fighting-ships found many furnishings and decorations so impeding that "on any prospect of action they were torn to pieces by the sailors." As has already been said, 1796 was

the big reorganisation. 1700 and 1703 reduced the carvings; but it was left to Lord Spencer's Board of Admiralty to wield the new broom briskly. We have quoted the "explosion" Order. Under it, "ornamental rails, hances, trail boards and the like vanished entirely; all that remained was a greatly reduced tafferel, an equally reduced figure-head, with almost vestigial quarter pieces and finishings to the galleries." The Order tried to do too much—"after a few years of extreme plainness, ships, in the concluding period of the war, regained an appreciable amount of what they had lost." Figure-heads, as we have seen, did not go out officially until two-and-thirty years ago! And diversity of practice could not be suppressed: on occasion, it was a "captain's fancy" to "paint the hammock cloths to represent an additional deck of guns, as was done in the *Theseus* at the Nile, perhaps in the *Victory* when commissioned in 1803, and certainly in the *Cambridge* in 1824."

What else could be expected when even the lion of the head had had his varieties! "His angle depended on the form of the head. . . . Under James I. he was nearly horizontal, in the Restoration period he began to ramp, and shortly acquired a crown. At the end of the century he became vertical, and from the time of Anne till he became virtually extinct about 1760, he tended to throw his chest out and his head well back. It also happened to him that he was seriously influenced by the curious epidemic of Chinese ornament which overtook the Navy about 1720, and lasted for perhaps twenty years." A strange affair, this; for "in the figure-head the Chinese influence lingered after it had passed away from the painted works"; and "whence it came is at present a mystery. It had come and gone before the same influence began to show itself in English furniture."

Of such is Mr. Carr Laughton's book, excellently conceived and lovingly and learnedly contrived; an admirable history of naval architecture in its decorative aspect, which is as well told as it is well illustrated, and is doubly to be recommended as carrying out its author's promise: "The reader who starts in entire ignorance of the difference between a hair-bracket and a lower finishing need feel no alarm when those, and many other strange terms of ship-



HIGHLY ORNAMENTED: AN IMPERIAL MAN-OF-WAR OF ABOUT 1670—FROM A MODEL IN THE MUSÉE D'ARCHÉOLOGIE AT GHENT.

Reproduced from "Old Ship Figure-Heads and Sterns."

The cry for the Axe is as old as taxation, and, since the waning of the forceful days of the drawing of Hebraic teeth and the merciless squeezing of Gentile "cits," it has risen from whimper to whine, and from whine to healthy howl and "Have at ye!"

Thus it has come that the decoration of the ship has declined. Speed and steam destroyed the swelling charms of spread canvas and the slim elegance of the spar, changed the lithe and the buxom lines, and made scrap-book specimens of the castles. The written name and recognition by silhouette usurped the proud place of painted sail, heraldic device, and quartered shield. Business and beauty are seldom partners; and it was natural enough that ornamentation should go, or rather, be restricted to royal yachts and the interiors of those gigantic liners whose aim it is to mimic the Hotel Babylons of the shore and journey in an atmosphere of "home surroundings," winter-gardens, and negroid jazz. It was bound to be an age determined to sacrifice their all to the God of War and the Creator of Commerce.

Economy, however, was the most potent factor. Bigger profits had to be made by the trader; Governments had to take care of the pence unwillingly entrusted to them. Hence many an order of caution and abolition, and the disappearance or transformation of figure-heads, "rococo" sterns, "galleries, hancing-pieces, catheads and divers other matters that concern the 'grace and countenance' of old sailing-ships." No longer was it possible to maintain such glories as rich carvings, bright colouring and gilding, mast-head vanes, gay belfries, elaborate gun-ports, oar-ports, entry ports, pictures in the tafferel, rich "lights," gorgeously railed gangways; even such aids to "comeliness" as baroque fittings—"art with knobs on"—and that Duke of Brunswick in Highland costume which had its cocked hat



OF MUCH MAGNIFICENCE: THE STERN OF THE "SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS"; SHOWING THE THREE FLUSH GUN DECKS (1637)—FROM THE PORTRAIT OF PETER PETT, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE EARL OF YARBOROUGH.

"One of the chief novelties about the 'Sovereign of the Seas' of 1637 was that she had three flush gun decks, that is to say, decks with no falls or rises in them."

Reproduced from "Old Ship Figure-Heads and Sterns."

wrightly, stare at him from these pages; for he will find them explained in the simplest and most pleasant of ways." Altogether a craft of "goodly port" bearing a rich cargo of forms and of fashions. E. H. G.

* "Old Ship Figure-Heads and Sterns, with which are Associated Galleries, Hancing-Pieces, Catheads, and Divers Other Matters that Concern the 'Grace and Countenance' of Old Sailing-Ships." By L. G. Carr Laughton. With Eight Plates in Colour; Forty-eight Plates in Monochrome; and Numerous Line-Drawings. (Hulton and Truscott Smith, Ltd.; Limited Edition; Published at £3 23s. 6d.; but now £5 5s.)

"GRACE AND COUNTENANCE": THE "PICTURE" SHIPS OF THE PAST.

REPRODUCTIONS FROM "OLD SHIP FIGURE-HEADS AND STERNS," BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR, MR. L. G. CARR LAUGHTON, AND OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. HALTON AND TRUSCOTT SMITH, LTD.
(SEE ARTICLE OPPOSITE.)



WITH A PICTURE OF THE TOWN OF GOUDA PAINTED IN HER TAFFEREL: THE DUTCH SHIP "GOUDA" (ABOUT 1670).



SHOWING ON HER STERN WILD MEN SUPPORTERS MISTAKABLE FOR ADAM AND EVE: A SMALL DANISH TWO-DECKER (ABOUT 1680).



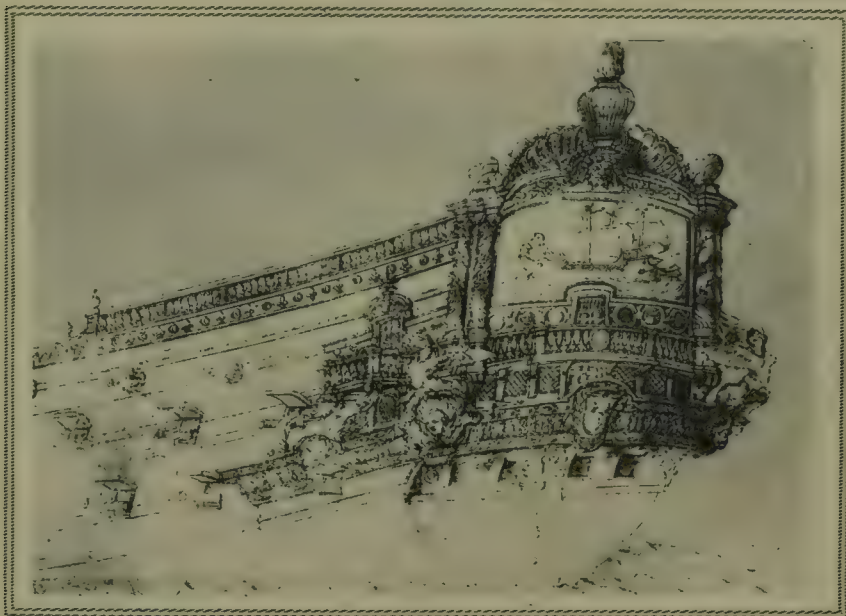
WITH THE OLD TYPE OF QUARTER GALLERY—AND GIRLS RIDING DOLPHINS: THE "BRIEL" (1669).



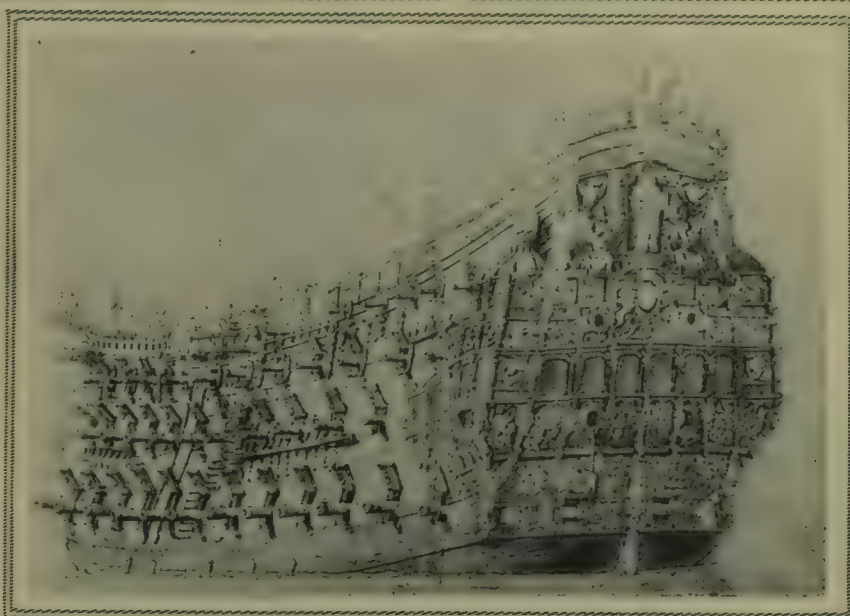
THE FIRST ENGLISH SHIP IN WHICH THE GALLERIES WERE REOPENED: THE "ST. MICHAEL" (1669).



BEFORE TAFFEREL AND QUARTER PIECES WERE REDUCED: THE STERN OF THE "ROYAL WILLIAM" (1719).



WITH GALLERIES BALUSTRADED, A FASHION ADOPTED IN ENGLAND ABOUT THE YEAR 1675: THE "PARIS" (1668).



DESIGNED TO BE "VERY PLAIN" BUT WITH STERN EVIDENTLY TREATED AS SACROSANCT: THE "ROYAL KATHERINE" (1664).

In the picture of the town of Gouda in her taffarel—in place of a coat of arms—the "Gouda," of Holland, presented a form of decoration not common in men-of-war but well known in merchant ships, which used the taffarel as a sign-board.—The little Danish ship of about 1680 shows in her stern "sexless" wild men supporters, "which at first sight are easily mistaken for Adam and Eve."—The "St. Michael" (1669) had no galleries to her quarter-deck.—An Order of 1742, "by the great reduction which it made in the carved works of the stern, must have had an appreciable effect on their cost. . . . If, for example, the stern of the 'Royal William' of 1719 is compared with that of the 'Victory' of 1765,

the great reduction of the taffarel and quarter pieces brought about by this order will be readily appreciated."—"English ships began to balustrade their galleries by about 1675, apparently in imitation of the French practice. . . . In the 'Paris' there were two enormous pillars aside, against the stern, inside the galleries; and . . . it was possible also to give her the lower pair of quarter pieces; for these a very handsome pair of Sphinxes was used, their wings forming arches through to the quarter gallery."—The Restoration Navy inherited the ornamental tradition of building, but a heavy debt as well. Hence the determination that the "Royal Katherine" should be "very plain."

BOUGHT BY THE KING: A HISTORICAL PICTURE BY AN ARTIST LONG ASSOCIATED WITH THIS PAPER.

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"CHARLES I. ON HIS WAY TO NOTTINGHAM, TO RAISE HIS STANDARD AND ASSEMBLE HIS ARMY," BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.—NOW IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

We reproduce here, with the King's gracious permission, a remarkably fine historical picture which His Majesty recently bought, and which is now in Buckingham Palace. It represents King Charles I. at the head of his forces on the way to Nottingham, where he raised his standard in August 1642, and thus began the Civil War which ended in his defeat and execution. The picture has an especial interest for our readers from the fact that the artist, Mr. Caton Woodville, has been so long associated with "The Illustrated London News." A painter

with a strong sense of dramatic effect, and an expert on military subjects, he did much work for this paper, not only during the Great War, but for many years previously. Mr. Caton Woodville has himself had experience of warfare: he went through the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1878 and the Egyptian War of 1882, besides minor operations in Albania and elsewhere. He has exhibited regularly at the Academy since 1879. He has already painted for the Queen several large canvases which now hang in Windsor Castle.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A "MULE-FOOTED" OX.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

WHEN the obvious attains to a dead level of uniformity, it commonly ceases to be obvious. And one comes to realise this, as a rule, only when suddenly confronted by some disturbing factor. Living bodies afford many striking instances of this. Of all the millions of any given species which are born each year, how many force themselves on our attention by reason of their unlikeness to type? Now and again, however, some "freak of Nature" reminds us of the miracles of perfection by which we are surrounded. Examples of such "freaks" we have in two-headed calves or four-legged ducks, Siamese twins or eight-foot giants.

Another, and very remarkable, case has just come to my notice in a solid-hoofed ox. The Ruminants, as everybody knows, are distinguished, among other things, by having cloven hoofs. But most of us forget that they have four toes—save the giraffes. The "cloven hoofs" are all that appeals to our eyes: they cannot well escape us. They are the functional survivors of an originally five-toed foot. Functional adaptation to mechanical requirements for the support of the body, on fairly soft ground, has kept these hard at work through countless generations, and, at the same time, from a lack of participation in this work, the remaining three toes gradually dwindled in size. The innermost, answering to the thumb or the hind toe, as the case may be, has vanished completely; while the first and fourth digits have become so reduced that to-day they are mere excrescences, raised

of size would be found. And the same would be found to be true of the feet of mummified gazelles, when a comparison was made in this matter of their useless outer toes, with their descendants of to-day. Here is persistency and consistency indeed. And yet, all of a sudden, an ox is born with solid hoofs! But, what is more singular still, this strange aberration is confined to the fore-feet! Why?

This singular animal was bred by Mr. A. J. Youngs, of Hemblington Hall, near Norwich, and fortunately came under the notice of Sir Bartle Frere, who induced its owner to present the feet to the British Museum of Natural History. Their appearance is well shown in the subjoined photograph of the living animal. They are seen to resemble the narrow hoofs of the ass, rather than of the horse, and contrast oddly with the typical cloven hoofs of the hind-feet. In the enlarged photograph of the front view of these feet, the hoofs look rather more horse-like, though badly shaped. The horse and the ox are alike "ungulates"; that is to say, "hoofed animals." But in the horse, only the third toe has survived. The second and fourth are, normally, invisible externally, but skeletal traces remain beneath the skin in the form of the long and slender rods of bone known as the "splints." One must say "normally," because here, again, every now and then, horses are born with three external toes—an apparently sudden reversion to an obsolete ancestral foot! And there is at least one

case on record of a foot with a cleft hoof like that of the ox or the pig.

We cannot, however, regard the strange feet of this ox as a case of reversion. And this because, in the first place, none of the Ruminants ever had feet with solid, horse-like hoofs. And in the second, when the hoof was removed, the true state of affairs was revealed. The foot was normal until one came to the terminal phalanx, or "joint." Here, instead of two such joints—one for each toe—there was found but one. For some inexplicable reason they had fused to form a single bone. Again, one is constrained to ask, why? But we ask in vain. We can explain the occurrence of Siamese twins; but it is much more difficult to find an explanation for two-headed calves or four-legged ducks. To say that they are due to "dichotomy of the embryonic tissue" does not carry us very far.

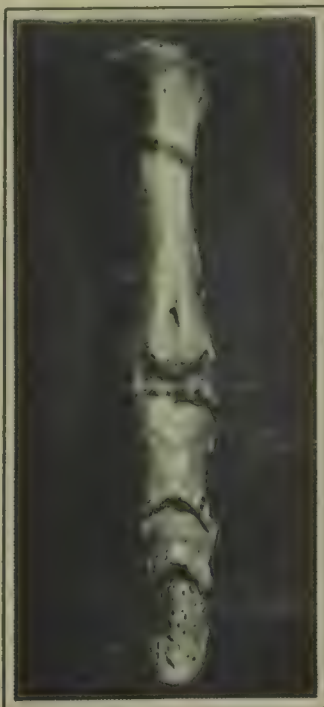
There are one or two things about this curious creature which I should like to know. In the first place, in how far did this malformation affect its gait? In the second, it would be interesting to know something of its parental history. Has any similar case occurred either on the paternal or maternal side? If it had been mated would this feature have been reproduced? Since it was a congenital defect, this may well have been the case. There is certainly support for this surmise. Records, by the score, of the transmissibility of congenital defects both in man and the lower animals can be cited. They can be seen in the College of Surgeons.

But more than this. Some years ago a breed of pigs was established in America wherein all four feet had solid hoofs. It was known as the "mule-foot hog." It was supposed to possess the special merit of being immune to "hog-fever," by which, I suppose, "swine-fever" was meant. So far as I can discover, however, there was no warrant for this assumption. If this immunity really existed, then it must have been due to some correlated character, or, more likely still, to some physiological or constitutional "mutation." All four feet of this breed resembled the fore-feet of the ox now under discussion. That is to say, though there was but a single hoof on each foot, the toes were separate at their bases, and fused only in regard to the last "joint," as in the case of the "mule-footed" ox. Thus it would seem that the fusion of these two bones was the causal effect of the fusion of the horny sheaths.

The Hon. N. C. Rothschild, some years before his lamented death, took a great deal of trouble to secure a specimen of one of these "mule-foot" pigs for the Natural History Museum; a perfectly typical specimen of the breed, black in colour, and weighing some 900 lb. The accompanying photograph discloses the general appearance of the animal.

Solid-hoofed pigs have been mentioned, Professor Bateson points out, by many writers, from the time of Aristotle. And the fact that these have been recorded from many parts of the world makes it likely that the variation has often arisen afresh. It is interesting to note that, while superficially all seem to agree, the underlying skeleton presents considerable differences. In some only three toes are developed, the hoof being borne by the longest, middle toe. Generally, there are four; the single hoof ensheathing a fusion of the terminal phalanges. But in the case of the three-toed specimens there are really four,

the two chief digits having completely fused to form a single series of bones, giving actually only three effective toes.



SHOWING THAT THE TOES ARE SEPARATE AT THEIR BASES BUT FUSED AT THEIR TIPS: THE SKELETON OF ONE OF THE FEET.

This reveals the actual structure of the foot. It is normal till one comes to the terminal phalanx or joint. And here, instead of two such joints—one for each toe—there is but one.

Photograph by E. J. Manly.



AN ENLARGED VIEW OF THE FORE-Feet: THE HAIR REMOVED TO EXPOSE THE WHOLE SURFACE OF THE HOOF.

"We cannot regard the strange feet of this ox as a case of reversion. . . . because none of the ruminants ever had feet with solid, horse-like hoofs."



SHOWING THE REMARKABLE FORM OF THE FRONT HOOF: THE "MULE-FOOTED" OX.

The front hoofs resemble the narrow hoofs of the ass, rather than those of the horse.

high above the ground. The horny hoof of each toe still persists, but the bony supporting skeleton has dwindled, till only remnants, answering to the palm and sole-bones of the human hand and foot, now remain.

This process of degeneration is infinitely slow. I venture to predict that if these vanishing portions of the skeleton were compared with their counterparts in the mummies of Egyptian cattle of three thousand years ago, little, if any, change in this matter



A FAMOUS BREED IN AMERICA, ON ACCOUNT OF ITS SUPPOSED IMMUNITY TO "HOG-FEVER": THE "MULE-FOOTED" PIG.

All four feet of this animal resemble the fore-feet of the ox under discussion. A specimen of one of these "mule-footed" pigs was secured by the late Hon. N. C. Rothschild, for the Natural History Museum.

EGYPT'S EARLIEST-KNOWN CIVILISATION: THE BADARIAN CULTURE.

DRAWINGS OF RELICS AND RECONSTRUCTIONS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.

INDUSTRY.

FLINT.

Implements showing characteristic Solutrean flaking and retouching—points; knives; lance-heads.

1. Willow-leaf.
2. Laurel-leaf; and the same fastened to its shaft.
3. Dagger (?)
4. Shouldered point; and the same mounted on its shaft.
5. Early Solutrean tanged arrow-head; and the same mounted.
6. Double borer.

BONE AND IVORY.

*The first bone needle
and its making.*

1. Graving tool, for rough - shaping the bone.
2. Bone core from which the material for the needle is cut.
3. Plain awl.
4. Hooked bodkin.
5. Pierced needle.
6. Double borer.
7. Saw and scraper combined.
8. Stone polisher.
9. Awl. 10. Peg.
11. Arrow-straightener.
12. Lance-head.
13. Dart-thrower.

ART.

1. Mammoth (from Predmost, Moravia). The oldest European sculpture of an animal in movement.
2. Relief of steatopygous woman (negroid; Grimaldi race).
3. Shell for holding colour.
4. Muller, for grinding pigments.
5. Palette.

RACES.

(Reconstructions.)

1. Brunn.
2. Cro-Magnon.
3. Grimaldi.
4. Carved head of a woman—compare with the statuettes found in the Badary district,



CLOSELY PARALLELED AND PROBABLY HAVING A COMMON ORIGIN IN THE CAUCASUS: THE SOLUTREAN CIVILISATION IN EUROPE; AND THE BADARIAN CIVILISATION IN EGYPT, DATED, APPROXIMATELY, 12,000-13,000 B.C.

The antiquities shown at University College, Gower Street, this year (July 6—25) by the British School of Archæology in Egypt include relics which amplify those remains of the earliest high civilisation in Egypt of which we have knowledge which were found in 1924 at and about Qau, in the district of Badary. Sir Flinders Petrie then wrote of the Badarian culture: "There are

long ages of man before this in Egypt, of which we have only the flint-work . . . But one may say, so far, that we are in touch with a high civilisation . . . at a period long before any yet found in Egypt." The approximate date of the Badarian Age is now estimated as 12,000-13,000 B.C. The Badarian flint-work is identical with that of implements found on the Fayum desert.

PARALLELED BY THE BADARIAN: THE SOLUTREAN CULTURE IN EUROPE.

RECONSTRUCTION DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



1. AKIN TO THE "CAUCASIAN" BADARIAN CULTURE IN EGYPT, THE EARLIEST-KNOWN HIGH CIVILISATION OF THAT COUNTRY: A SOLUTREAN ENCAMPMENT IN FRANCE (UPPER PALÆOLITHIC).

2. HORSE-HUNTERS OF THE SOLUTREAN PERIOD IN EUROPE: MEN OF THE RACE OF CRO-MAGNON (REPRESENTED BY FOSSIL *HOMO SAPIENS*).

3. MAMMOTH-HUNTERS IN CENTRAL EUROPE: MEN OF THE BRÜNN (MORAVIA) TYPE (CRO-MAGNON).

Writing last year (in the "Morning Post"), Sir Flinders Petrie said of the newly-discovered Badary culture in Egypt: "Who are these people of the earliest civilisation yet known in the Nile Valley, and whence did they come? The forms of flint-working in this culture are closely like those known in Europe as Solutrean; and the modern point of view, as in the 'Cambridge Ancient History,' is that such work was brought into Central Europe from

Central Asia. The work is found in Eastern Europe across to France, but scarcely reaching Spain. It appears in the lower levels of the great mound of Susa, in Persia, and it is accepted as apparently one with the flints . . . coming from the Fayum Desert. . . . The Badarian culture . . . must be long before 8000 B.C., and its close parallel is the Solutrean dated to 9000-11,000 B.C. in Europe. We need not assume that the migration into Europe

[Continued opposite.

BROUGHT FROM THE CAUCASUS?—THE BADARIAN CULTURE IN EGYPT.

RECONSTRUCTION DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



1. POSSESSORS OF A CULTURE AKIN TO THAT OF THE SOLUTREANS IN EUROPE: BADARIAN FLINT-FLAKERS AND HUNTERS STRIKING A BARGAIN.

2. ARMED WITH SPEAR AND BOW AND ARROWS: HUNTING THE GAZELLE IN THE NILE VALLEY SOME 13,000 YEARS AGO.

3. A BADARY VILLAGE—OF PEOPLE POSSIBLY DESCENDED FROM IMMIGRANTS FROM THE CAUCASUS: HUNTERS; WOMEN POTTERS BEFORE A KILN; AN ANCIENT NEAR A WATTLE AND DAUB HUT—AND (ON THE RIGHT OF THE HUT) NEGROID, STEATOPYGOUS GRIMALDI WOMEN.

4. WHILE THE CHILD FEEDS THE QUERN: A WOMAN GRINDING SEEDS.

5. THE TOILET: "MAKING-UP"; DECKING THE HAIR; A NECKLACE.

Continued.
was contemporary with that into Africa; there might be a thousand years between the movements." The same great authority wrote the other day (in the "Times"): "This civilisation was the foundation of much that is seen in well-known prehistoric ages . . . The first pottery, conspicuous for its thinness and finish, is confined to the Badarian period, and the style

of the statuettes is also distinctive. . . . The source of those Badarian arts must be referred to some centre in common with the Solutrean Age of Europe, with which they were contemporary . . . Probably the Caucasus was the home of both these branches of culture." (See Page 157 for Solutrean and Badarian "parallels.")—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

INDUSTRY AND WAR.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

A LITTLE more than a month ago, Europe was surprised by the unexpected collapse of one of the fortunes of the Great War, one that was best known on account of its enormous size: the colossal business created in Germany by Hugo Stinnes, the celebrated ironmaster. It is the most famous case of the kind, but it is by no means the first nor the only one. Already in several countries great fortunes made in the war have melted away like icebergs transported by currents towards tropical seas. These sudden catastrophes are important in the whirlpool of our time; for they present, in the reality of daily life, the problem of the relation of modern industry to the war.

In the past, wars and revolutions had been the rather violent midwives of the big fortunes. If one could trace the history of the richest families in Europe up to 1815, one would usually find that they had had their origin in a war. With the advent of the steam engine and the great industrial development in the nineteenth century, Europe seemed to have entered a less bloody era. The great industrial development was born in England, after a long period of wars, but with a new and very pacifist spirit. The world was about to fraternise in the new work; goodwill among the people was to be the protector of commerce, and peace was to be the gentle nursing mother of industry: a peaceful reign of merchants was to succeed the domination of warlike aristocracies. That was the doctrine expressed a century ago with rather vague lyricism by Saint Simon, taken up again in a more philosophical form by Auguste Comte, and largely popularised by a group of English economists and politicians who were given the name of the Manchester School.

The idea, indeed, was not as chimerical as it may appear to-day to those who judge it *ex eventu*. Until the World War, the great financial and industrial forces of Europe had always been employed more on the side of peace than of war. The Socialist's idea that the World War was let loose by "capitalism" is a fairy tale, which confuses results with causes. If it is true that in all countries, bankers, leaders of industry, and merchants profited by the war more largely than other social classes, it cannot be doubted that the imminent cataclysm was greatly dreaded before 1914 in all financial and industrial circles. By a contradiction which does honour to our time, those who were destined to profit most by the immense destruction were afraid of it. The political influence of money was already great in Europe before the war, but it was not strong enough to decide between peace and war. The fate of states and peoples was then in other hands than those of the great manipulators of money. That is why the war broke out.

The great industrial development was born with a pacifist spirit, to which it remained, in the main, faithful during the first century of its existence. Its task was to multiply riches in the world and to create universal abundance; it was in the nature of things that it should distrust the god of battles, the great destroyer, the father of famine and of penury. But we live in an epoch full of profound contradictions. The nineteenth century had already seen war, despite its destructive furies, enter into not unsuccessful rivalry with peace as the nursing mother of industry.

I will cite a single instance of this reversal of rôles. Is there any more peaceful industry than railways, especially in a continent like the United States? They were constructed to transport corn, iron, coal, everything for the needs of an immense disarmed population which has to fight much more with the difficulties of distance rather than against men. And yet even in the United States, less than thirty years ago, war vivified a whole system of railways which were in their death throes, and at the same time made the fortune and the fame of the celebrated Harriman.

Bold and adventurous feeling the dawning of the great prosperity of the twentieth century, Harriman had,

towards the end of the nineteenth century, succeeded in controlling—to use the jargon of the Stock Exchange—a considerable number of railways which were living from hand to mouth in the crisis of the last years of the century. He hoped to reanimate by reorganising them; but he had to face many difficulties; lack of capital, insufficiency of traffic, excessive expenditure. His ardent enthusiasm had carried a certain number of capitalists along with him, but the amelioration and profits which he expected were slow in coming. Confidence waned in the too-prolonged waiting; his plans were in danger of failing, of ending in discouragement and defeat.

The war which broke out between the United States and Spain in 1898 saved him. The Cuban and Philippine expeditions demanded the transport of a considerable number of troops, material, and stores across the whole continent; the dying lines which Harriman had endeavoured

markets. Protection is only an artificial means of assuring to a certain number of industries this initial period of high prices and profits. With violence, and for short periods, war, which consumes much and spends without counting, acts in the same way and with identical results.

That is what the World War did on a scale which no one would ever have dared to imagine. It not only threw down thrones and upset frontiers; it became from one day to another the gigantic nurse of a large number of new industries in all countries, in those where industrialism was old-established as well as in those where it was a new development. The hyperbolic needs of armies, the wastefulness of the civil population—enriched, as they were, by the fabulous rise in salaries—the blockade of Germany, the difficulty which England, France, and the United States found in supplying former customers, created everywhere, from one moment to another, the possibility of very high prices and profits. Everywhere capital profited with its habitual opportunist dexterity; in the old countries by enlarging existing industries, and in the less-developed countries—like Egypt, Spain, Italy, and the Argentine—by creating and developing new industries.

Everywhere hundreds of thousands of men and women were torn from their work in the country and in domestic life to be transformed into slaves of the machines. Everywhere factories were built, and new chiefs of industries, those "captains of industry" that were thought to be a speciality of North America, arose spontaneously. In Europe also there appeared that rare animal, which it had been thought belonged exclusively to the fauna of the New World, the multi-millionaire.

Half the world to-day is bowed under the weight of the factories which have been created during the last ten years. The greatest of all wars has left Europe and America at grips with a crisis of industrial over-production, which is rapidly becoming aggravated in every country. The unemployment which is especially the curse of the older industrial countries, the high price of agricultural products, the over-crowding of the towns, the lack of houses, the multiplication of bankruptcies, the evaporation of the big fortunes of the war, are all symptoms of the crisis. How will it be solved?

Financial and industrial centres are dominated in all countries, with but few exceptions, by a condition of soul which I should be tempted to define as a "mystical confidence in an unlimited power of consumption." Starting from the standpoint that the development of industry constitutes the finest progress in the world, and that humanity must continually advance on the road of progress, which is that of happiness, those at the head of commercial affairs talk continually of the necessity for finding new markets in which to unload their goods, of course always with the implied assumption that such markets must exist. That is the state of mind which I heard lately so naively expressed by a hat-manufacturer from a little Tuscan town, with whom I made the journey from Milan to Florence. In speaking of his industry, he told me that in the little town in which his factory is situated 200 workers were employed in hat-making before the war, and that now 1500 are so employed, with better plant and proportionate increases in materials and output. "All the other hat-factories in Italy," said my informant, "have increased in proportion." I said jokingly that many people were accustoming themselves to go bareheaded like the ancients, and I asked him what would be done with all those hats if people gave up wearing them. He thought for a few minutes, and then said very seriously—

"The hat industry has still a great hope in India and China. There the use of our hats is spreading, and hundreds and thousands of people are beginning to wear them. We shall work for them."

In the obscure philosophy of history which was working in the brain of that hat-manufacturer there was no shadow of doubt that the Chinese revolution formed part of a providential plan for increasing the number of heads wearing felt hats. His faith in the Indians and Chinese, and their desire to render their homage to progress by adopting felt as the best material for protecting their heads, was so strong that I had not the courage to contradict him. . . .

(Continued on page 186.)



THE DUCHESS OF YORK OPENS HER FIRST CONFERENCE: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS SPEAKING AT THE INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S CONFERENCE, AT WEMBLEY. The Duchess of York, as President, opened the first International Conference of Women in Science, Industry, and Commerce, in the Exhibition theatre, Wembley, last week. Having alluded to the fact that it was the first conference she had opened, her Royal Highness wished it success, and expressed the hope that it would effect a closer bond between the women workers of the Empire.

Photograph by the Farrington Photo. Company.

to reanimate earned a great deal of money by transporting them; with this money Harriman was able to effect all the ameliorations which he had in mind. When prosperous days ensued, his railways were ready to profit by them. Some years later Harriman shone among the stars of American finance.

Analogous cases might be cited in Europe. The first great impulse to the metal industry in Germany, for example, was given by the war of 1866, and above all by that of 1870, which consumed a great many weapons of war. It is easy, of course, to explain the fact. In order that it may develop rapidly, an industry needs to set out with a certain period of high prices and abundant profits, which will allow it to amortise its capital rapidly, to organise itself on a solid basis, and to establish itself firmly in the

IN PARLIAMENT WITH A PENCIL: SKETCHES IN "THE HOUSE."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



THE PERSONAL SIDE OF PARLIAMENT: SKETCH-PORTRAITS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Our special artist, Mr. Spurrier, continues above his series of sketch-portraits taken during debates in the House of Commons. In the upper portion of the drawing are seen the principal Members who took part in the debate (in Committee) on the Pensions Bill, and the Ministers who spoke on behalf of the Government—Sir Kingsley Wood, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and the Attorney-General, Sir Douglas Hogg. Many amendments and clauses were proposed and accepted. The lower portion of the drawing deals with the occasion of the

statement by the Postmaster-General, Sir W. Mitchell-Thomson, and the subsequent debate. An incident of the sitting was the wearing of red carnations by members of the Labour Party, to which the attention of the House was called by Mr. Dixey. On this occasion there took place the introduction by Mr. Henderson and Mr. Lansbury of the newly elected Labour Member for the Forest of Dean, Mr. A. A. Purcell, as shown by our artist, who has also indicated the offending buttonholes which were the subject of Mr. Dixey's challenge!



ROYAL GARDEN-PARTIES CLOSE THE MOST BRILLIANT LONDON SEASON

The two Royal Garden-Parties at Buckingham Palace this week—commands were sent out for Tuesday and Friday—mark the end of the most brilliant London season which has been known since the war. Somewhere about six thousand notabilities were invited to each, so that a big crowd of distinguished men and women gathered in the beautiful gardens of the Sovereign's London residence. It is the custom of the King and Queen to enter the grounds from the garden entrance of the Palace, beneath the private apartments, and to welcome and receive specially privileged guests on the north lawn, before

SINCE THE WAR: AMONG THE GUESTS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

passing to the west lawns to join the general company. As a rule, their Majesties then separate and make a slow tour of the lawns, certain distinguished guests being brought up to them during the progress to receive the honour of a few moments' conversation with their Royal hosts, who eventually take up their stand before the Durbar tent specially erected in the grounds. Our photograph was taken on July 21. The Durbar tent is seen on the left. At the top-right of the photograph is seen the Quadriga, on Constitution Hill.

THE RIFFIAN CAMPAIGN: WITH THE FRENCH FORCES IN MOROCCO.



ALLIES OF THE FRENCH IN MOROCCO: TRIBESMEN WHO ARE FIGHTING FOR GENERAL NAULIN.



AT FEZ, WHICH IS AN OBJECTIVE OF ABDEL KRIM: THE BAND OF THE GUARDS (BLACK) ON THE MARCH.



LEAVING CAMP EAST OF WEZZAN:
A "GROUPE MOBILE."



CARRYING-OUT MARSHAL PÉTAIN'S ORDERS IN MOROCCO:
GENERAL STANISLAS NAULIN.



AT TAZO: SHOEING HORSES OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

UNDER the title, "Behind the Riff Border," Mr. Henry D. Davray, the French correspondent, writes: "I happened to be in Fez when the Riffs launched their surprise-attack beyond the 'diplomatic' frontier that fictitiously separates the French from the Spanish zone. So little prepared were the French that the rebels were able to encircle and besiege the military posts established from ten to fifteen miles inside the frontier, and to come within twenty miles of the great northern capital of Moghreb. Had they taken it, the position would have been serious not only for the French, but also for other nations whose rule extends to Islamic countries. But to look at it merely from the point of view of Morocco, one can easily see what it would mean for the country if a native chieftain were to grasp entire control over it. Any map in a good guide-book will tell its tale. On one side, extending from the east and the Algerian border to the west and the ocean, and from the Spanish zone in the north down to French West Africa, the greater part of the Cherifian empire is under French control. On that great expanse of land you see that long railway lines have been built, and that an immense system of roads has been created. Now, if you see the roads with your own eyes, you will notice that they are broad and well kept, planted with young trees, and that they have much important

(Continued opposite.)

(Continued.)

traffic—private motor-cars, great travelling cars holding from twenty to thirty passengers, and an immense number of lorries. The trains do not carry any passengers, and you cease to wonder at this when you see the puffing engine

climbing steep gradients while you leave it quickly behind you as you speed along in your private car, or in one of the public conveyances. But you will notice all along the line big iron posts supporting an electric cable, indicating, no doubt, that the line will be worked electrically. A powerful station is being actually built on the Oum er R'bia that will permit the electric working of 350 miles of railway, and give electric light and power to most of the important towns in the west. In those towns you will find electric light even in the humblest souks, electric tramways, electric cranes, electric appliances everywhere. An Englishman who has lived and traded in Rabat for twenty-three years summed up the position to me yesterday: 'The French have done all this within ten years. Before then, we were twenty Europeans in this place, living close to our consulates all in the same street, and it was not safe to risk your person outside the walls in day-time. It took two days to go to Casablanca with a guard of soldiers, and you had to spend the night within the strong walls of a Kashbah midway. Now hourly public cars cover the sixty miles in less than two hours.'



ON THE MARCH IN MOROCCO:
NATIVE TIRAILLEURS.

M. Painlevé stated the other day that steps had been taken to bring the French peace conditions before Abdel Krim at once, and that if the Riffian chief declined to accept the terms a formidable offensive would be launched against him. Marshal Pétain was then engaged on making the necessary preparations, and it is

understood that it is his intention to stay on the spot until the Riff resistance has been broken once and for all. He has, in fact, taken over the general direction of operations, and General Naulin will carry out his orders. Marshal Lyautey is, it is believed, to retire before long.

ON KENTISH SANDS: THE SEASIDE ANAGLYPHED.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, NOV. 26, 1893. 105



WHERE DICKENS'S HOME SUGGESTED "BLEAK HOUSE"; AND THE NORTH FORELAND LIGHTHOUSE.
"THE WOMAN IN WHITE": AT BROADSTAIRS IN THE SEASON.

Dickens's residence at Broadstairs inspired the title "Bleak House," and the town is rightly proud of its association with the novelist. His popularity there seems to have bored one inhabitant, however, for that worthy has set up outside his house the notice: "Charles Dickens Did Not Live Here." The North Foreland Lighthouse, on the cliffs, is said to have suggested to Wilkie Collins

the title "The Woman in White." (Those of our readers who have not yet got an Anaglyph Viewing-Mask may obtain one by filling up the coupon on another page of this issue, and sending it with postage-stamp to the publishers, 1½d. (Inland) or 2½d. (Foreign) to "The Illustrated London News," 15, Essex Street, Strand, London W.C.2

A DELIGHTFUL FEATURE OF THE LONDON SEASON OPEN-AIR DANCES AT A FAMOUS COUNTRY CLUB.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



WHERE SPORTING YOUTH AND BEAUTY FOREGATHER AFTER THE STRENUOUS JOYS OF POLO AND LAWN TENNIS: AN EVENING AT THE ROEHAMPTON CLUB—
DANCING IN THE OPEN-AIR PAVILION AND SAUNTERING THROUGH THE LAMPLIT GROUNDS.

An evening at the Roehampton Club, with dancing in a pavilion open to the air, and the delightful grounds in which to saunter or sit out, is one of the pleasantest amusements of the London season. On a fine July evening, after the strenuous activities of lawn-tennis or polo, it affords ideal facilities for

bringing a perfect day to a perfect end. It may well be that sometimes, in these idyllic surroundings, other partnerships than those of the tennis courts are brought into being, under the influence of the little Eros seen in the fountain in the foreground of our picture.



To Motoring Campers

Important: If you want a care-free gipsy holiday.

Roads mapped out, camping sites selected, tents and blankets stored away - everything ready. Only two unpleasant possibilities on the horizon: *A week of rain! Serious engine trouble!*

Whether you make plans for three days or three months, old hands at motor camping will tell you—

To drain off all old oil from the crankcase before leaving home, and to pour in a fresh supply of the correct grade of Mobiloil.

The best engine results can only be secured when your lubrication is the best obtainable.

Mobiloil is produced from crude oil, selected solely for its lubricating value, not for its motor spirit content.

The recommendations on the abridged Chart shown here represent the professional advice of the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., as determined by its Board of Automotive Engineers.

Therefore, to ensure peace-of-mind during your camping holiday, use the correct grade of Mobiloil as recommended for *your* car in the Chart. If your car is not shown in this abridged Chart, refer to the complete Chart of Recommendations exhibited at all garages, or send for our booklet "Correct Lubrication."



Mobiloil

Make the Chart your Guide

HEAD OFFICE: Caxton House, Westminster, S.W.1

Belfast Birmingham Bradford Bristol Cardiff Dublin Dundee Glasgow Hull Liverpool Manchester Newcastle-on-Tyne Sheffield

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, LTD

Chart of Recommendations (ABRIDGED EDITION)

MOTOR CARS

The correct grades of Gargoyl Mobiloil for engine lubrication of motor cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:
E means Gargoyl Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyl Mobiloil "Arc"
A means Gargoyl Mobiloil "A"
BB means Gargoyl Mobiloil "BB"
TT means Gargoyl Mobiloil "TT"
B means Gargoyl Mobiloil "B"

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when cold temperatures may be expected.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Board of Automotive Engineers of the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., and represents their professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAME OF CAR	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
A.B.C.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Alfa-Romeo, 4-Cyl.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Alfa-Romeo, 6-Cyl.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Amilcar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Angus-Sanderson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Ansald	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Anglo, 12 h.p.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Anglo, 15/30 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Ariel	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Armstrong-Siddeley	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Austin, 20 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Austin (All Other Models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Berliet	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
B.S.A., 10 h.p.	B	BB	B	BB	B	BB	B	BB
B.S.A., 14 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
B.S.A. (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chenard-Walker	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Citroen, 7.5 h.p.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Citroen (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Cubitt	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler, 12 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler, 16 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler (All Other Models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
De Dion Bouton	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Delage (6-Cyl.), 40/50 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Delage (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Delahaye, 10, 12 & 15 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Delahaye (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Delormay-Belleville, 15.9 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Delormay-Belleville (All Other Models)	A	A	B	B	BB	B	BB	B
Essex	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Fiat	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Hampton, 11/35 and 14 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Hampton (All Other Models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Ingham-Sava	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super Six	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Humber, 8 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Humber (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Isotta-Fraschini	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Itala	BB	A	B	B	A	B	A	B
Jowett (All Models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia (Dikappa and Tikappa)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia (Lancia)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lancia (All Other Models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	BB	A
Lea-Francis	A	A	A	A	BB	A	A	A
Metallurgique, 12/15 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Metallurgique (All Other Models)	A	A	A	A	BB	A	BB	A
Morris-Cowley	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Morris-Oxford, 11.9 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Morris-Oxford (All Other Models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Napier	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland, 13.9 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland (All Other Models)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard Eight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Packard (All Other Models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige, 20/25 h.p.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Paige (All Other Models)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rhode	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rochet-Schneider (12 & 14 h.p.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rochet-Schneider (All Other Models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rolls-Royce	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rover, 8 h.p.	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Rover 9/20 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rover (All Other Models)	A	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
S.P.A. (24 & 27.4 Cyl.)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
S.P.A. (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Spyker	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Standard, 11 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Standard, 14 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Steyr	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Sunbeam	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot, 14 & 16 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Talbot (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Vauxhall, 23/60 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A	BB	A
Vauxhall, 25 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Vauxhall (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Vinot	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB
Voisin, 8 & 10 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Voisin, 16 h.p.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Windsor	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Wolsley	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A

GEAR BOX and BACK AXLE

Correct Lubrication recommendations are shown on the complete Chart exhibited in all garages.

REMEMBER:

Ask for Gargoyl Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say "Give me a gallon of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Gargoyl Mobiloil "A" or Gargoyl Mobiloil "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.

VERY FULL UNIFORM—FOR THE PRINCE: BECHUANALAND GLORY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS AND OFFICIAL.



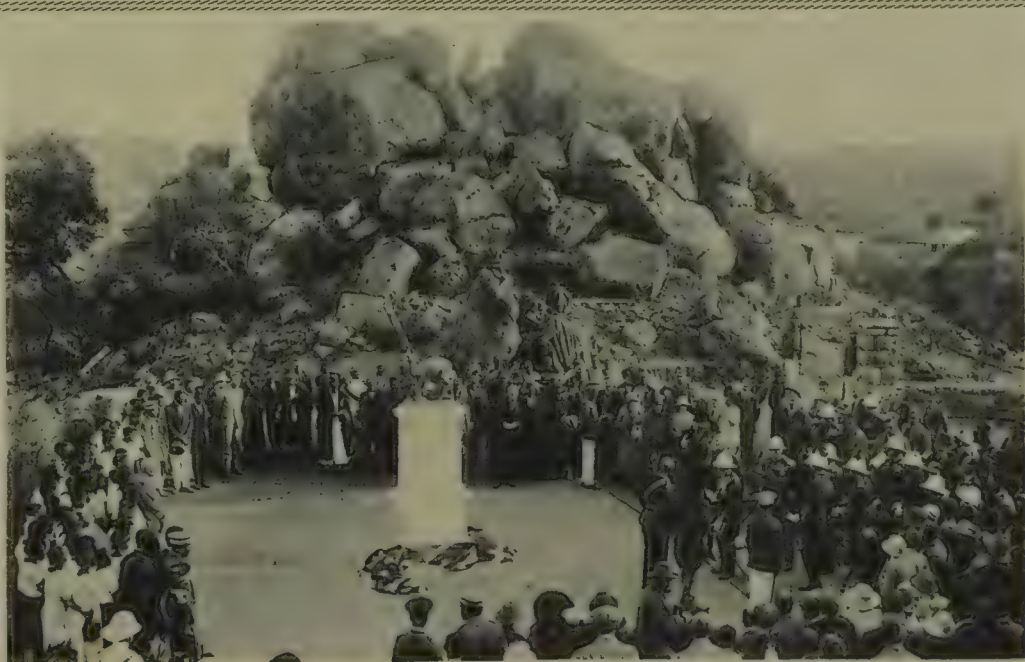
AN IMPOSING FIGURE: THE SERGT.-MAJOR OF THE WHITE GUARDS.



WITH HIS WIFE ON HIS RIGHT AND CHIEF KHAMA'S WIDOW ON HIS LEFT: CHIEF SEKGOMA AT SEROWE.



THE O.C. OF A KILTED REGIMENT: AN OFFICER AT SEROWE.



UNVEILED BY THE PRINCE: THE MEMORIAL TO THE LATE KING KHAMA—H.R.H. ON THE RIGHT, TALKING TO CHIEF SEKGOMA.



KILTED ERRATICALLY, GAITERED, AND—IN ONE CASE—SUSPENDED! A REGIMENT AT THE INDABA AT SEROWE.



IN HIS BEST UNIFORM: A MEMBER OF CHIEF SEKGOMA'S SUITE.

The Prince of Wales reached Serowe, the capital of the Bmangwato tribe, on June 27. There, as at places en route, he was destined to see many a curious example of native uniform. To quote the official account: "At one place the Bmangwato Army was marshalled and loyally saluted the Prince, who had the utmost difficulty in preserving his gravity at the sight of the curiously garbed warriors, whose uniforms seemed to have been gathered from the exported

wardrobes of English musical-comedy companies. . . . Native cavalry were dressed in khaki uniforms made for the occasion by a Johannesburg tailor, who went to Serowe to measure every member of the contingent."—King Khama, who was a most enlightened, and a Christian, chief, had his capital in the Choping Hills, at Palapye, and ruled over the Bamangwatos. He was Lobengula's most persistent enemy.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS—BY WALTER TITTLE. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

I STOOD on the terrace of a Kentish country house watching the arrival of guests for a house-party. Conspicuous among them was a very tall man to whom might well be applied the expression "rangey." His lean, bronzed face was as dark as that of an American Indian, and afforded a startling contrast to his pale-blue eyes. There was a mournful look about his face in repose, and a development of the lines of character that made him look like an actor. His smile revealed strong white teeth, again in sharp contrast to his dark skin. A more thoroughly English type one could hardly imagine.

At first glance I thought him almost ugly; after the smile I thought him so ugly as to be handsome. In a short time I was convinced that he was an unusually good-looking chap, and am sure that women would be astonished at the former and share the latter view. His friends call him by the nickname "Pan," our "rangey" friend being Mr. Algernon Blackwood, novelist, and author of "Pan's Garden."

I have said that he looks like an actor. In our party was also a famous actor who might, from his appearance, have been a literary man; and, as an exception to prove the rule that rules are mostly exceptions, a well-known poet who looked like a poet. A prominent publisher and a Russian Minister of the Kerensky régime were also of this consistently interesting assemblage, and at luncheon Mr. Blackwood was of the gayest in his contributions to the table-talk. Coffee on the terrace was followed by a stroll in the park, which ended at the tennis courts, and here was at least one explanation of Mr. Blackwood's complexion. Other good players were there, but he was by far the best. His technique with the racket and the ease with which he covered the court were a pleasure to see.

My pencil would not have crept in as an interruption to this pleasant party had it not been for the activity of Henry Ainley, whom I have mentioned anonymously before. He arranged the thing on both sides; so, after a dip in the pool and tea in the shadow of a large "monkey tree," Mr. Blackwood and I repaired to my room. He still wore his tennis togs, with shirt open at the throat.

"Don't you want me to put on a regular collar?" he asked. I succeeded in preventing the change on the plea that the present arrangement better suited my scheme of composition.



WALTER TITTLE'S PORTRAIT OF A DISTINGUISHED NOVELIST, THE AUTHOR OF "PAN'S GARDEN":
MR. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

"I'll probably print this sketch and write a few things about you. So now is the time to protect yourself. What shall I say?"

He smiled rather sheepishly. "I always feel foolish and speechless when I have a request like this. But if you'll give me a bit of time I'll be able to say something. Now, let me see—I might tell you about my life and how I happened to start writing."

The story that followed was varied and interesting. As a young man he went to Canada and engaged in farming; and then joined in the rush for the Rainy River goldfields. Failing to find fortune there, he tried his hand unsuccessfully at running a hotel, and in the dried-milk business. New York lured him then, and here he learned the meaning of real poverty. During a period of about two years he lived in the meanest of lodging and boarding houses, supporting himself by posing, when possible, for artists. "Dana Gibson used me from time to time, as did Arthur

Keller, and many of the old-timers. I finally got a precarious job as reporter on the staff of the *Sun*, and later the *Times*, where I had as my companions young chaps who, like myself, ate and slept according to their luck or ability in finding space-filling material. If one of us happened to be out of luck the others would help him.

"I used to entertain them sometimes of evenings by telling ghost-stories, some of which I had written down with no thought of ever attempting to publish them. There was a gay young fellow who used to join us occasionally; he was full of life and schemes of various kinds, and he took a great liking to these yarns of mine. He asked me if he could take some of my stories to show a friend, and departed with a handful of them. I forgot all about the incident and the stories as well, as I placed no value on them. In the meantime I heard that the young man who took the manuscripts had, for no apparent reason, committed suicide. About a year after I saw him last I received a letter from a publisher offering to print my stories as a book. I did not know what he was talking about, but investigation assisted my memory, and my first book was the result."

"It must have been a delightful change," I ventured, "to go at one step from poverty to successful authorship."

"But my success has been a rather one-sided affair. Finan-

cially, it has been no success at all. I never expect to make much money. I'd like to, but I'm sure I never will."

I saw him twice in Venice a few weeks later, and on one of the occasions had the pleasure of presenting him to a lady who is numbered among his most enthusiastic admirers. She told him of the pleasure his novels gave her, dwelling on their psychiatric side with an understanding that was evidently a joy to him. "It is most heartening and refreshing to meet you," he said. "I wish there were more people like you."

Writing was far from his thoughts in Venice; apparently he was in a complete holiday mood, and browner than ever. On both our meetings he begged me to join him at the Lido. "We can play tennis and swim. I am in my bathing suit all day long." I wanted so much to go, but my time there was short. Sometimes in retrospect I am almost annoyed with Titian, Bellini, and Tintoretto for having been so prolific in this town.

WALTER TITTLE.

Eighteen Thousand and Fifty Guineas: Romneys and a Louis XVI. Table.



SOLD FOR 8500 GUINEAS: ROMNEY'S "PORTRAITS OF MASTERS EDWARD WILBRAHAM BOOTLE AND HIS BROTHER, RANDLE, WHEN BOYS." (87 IN. BY 60 IN.)

At Christie's last week the chief interest of the sale of pictures by Old Masters centred in four fine Romneys—the two illustrated and a portrait of Mrs. Wilbraham Bootle, which fetched 900 guineas, and a portrait of Sir Edward Every,



WITH A TOP THAT WAS PART OF A TABLE BELONGING TO CHARLES I.: A LOUIS XVI. TABLE—SOLD FOR 1750 GUINEAS.

THIS Louis XVI. table, sold at Christie's on July 16, has a top which originally formed part of a table which belonged to Charles I., with whose cypher and crown it is stamped beneath. This was afterwards mounted in its present form for Marie Antoinette, and is stamped with her monogram and crown and "Garde Meuble de la Reine." It is also numbered with a stencil plate, "Du. No. 81."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS.



SOLD FOR 7800 GUINEAS: ROMNEY'S "PORTRAIT OF LADY EVERY," WIFE OF SIR EDWARD EVERY, EIGHTH BARONET OF EGGINGTON. (93 IN. BY 57 IN.)

which was knocked down for 4500 guineas. Romney received 100 guineas for the group of the boys; 36 guineas for the Mrs. Wilbraham Bootle; 70 guineas apiece for the portraits of Sir Edward and Lady Every.

Opened to the Public: Roman Remains on Castle Hill, Scarborough.



ONE OF A SERIES ERECTED ON THE HEADLANDS OF THE YORKSHIRE COAST: THE ROMAN SIGNAL STATION AT SCARBOROUGH—THE SOUTHERN HALF, LOOKING EAST.

The excavations which disclose a Roman signal station on Castle Hill, Scarborough, were opened to the public on July 18. To quote the "Times": "The Castle Hill divides the north and south bays of Scarborough. By the excavations . . . three quite distinct types of ancient remains have been disclosed on the seaward

extremity of the hill. They are a village of the Bronze Age, the Roman signal station, and three chapels, one earlier and two later than the Norman Conquest. . . . The masonry now visible belongs mostly to the Roman signal station."—[PHOTOGRAPH BY F. GERALD SIMPSON.]

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G., WALERY, ELLIOTT AND FRY, L.N.A., AND BLAKE.



THE GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS MATCH AT LORD'S: THE PLAYERS—(LEFT TO RIGHT, BACK ROW): HOLMES, TATE, KILNER, TYLDESLEY (R.), MACAULEY, SUTCLIFFE; (FRONT ROW): HEARNE (J. W.), WOOLLEY (F. E.), HOBBS, STRUDWICK, HENDREN.



THE GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS MATCH AT LORD'S: THE GENTLEMEN—(LEFT TO RIGHT, BACK ROW): N. B. SHERWELL, H. J. ENTHOVEN, R. H. BETTINGTON, E. W. DAWSON, K. S. DULEEPSINHJI, G. O. ALLEN; (FRONT ROW): G. T. S. STEVENS, P. G. H. FENDER, A. W. CARR, HON. F. S. G. CALTHORPE, J. L. BRYAN.



CHAIRIED TO THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION'S OFFICES IN THE CUSTOMARY MANNER: SAPPER A. S. SMITH AS WINNER OF THE KING'S PRIZE AT BISLEY.



THE LONDON PRINTING EMPLOYÉ WHO WON THE KING'S PRIZE: SAPPER A. S. SMITH.



THE FIRST WOMAN TO WIN THE GRAND PRIX DE ROME FOR PAINTING: Mlle. ODETTE PAUVERT.



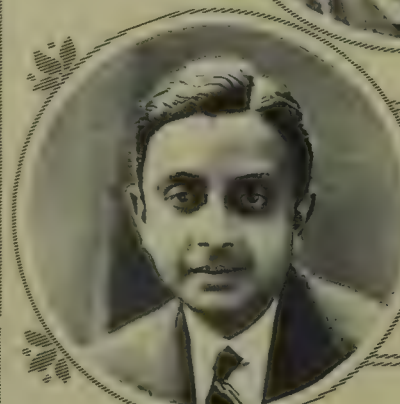
THE "UNWANTED" COURT OF INQUIRY INTO THE COAL DISPUTE: MR. W. SHERWOOD; THE RIGHT HON. H. P. MACMILLAN, K.C.; SIR JOSIAH STAMP.



TO BE G.O.C., EASTERN COMMAND: LIEUT.-GEN. SIR W. P. BRAITHWAITE.



LABOUR RETAINS THE FOREST OF DEAN: MR. A. A. PURCELL, THE NEW MEMBER.



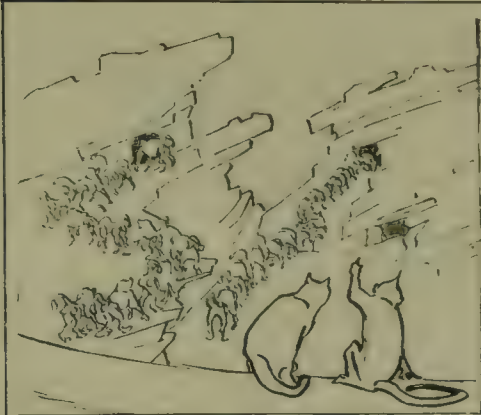
RULER AND RACE-HORSE OWNER: H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF RAJPIPLA, K.C.S.I.

The Gentlemen v. Players Match at Lord's resulted in a draw.—The third and final stage of the match for the King's Prize was shot at Bisley on July 18, and the trophy was won by Sapper A. S. Smith, a member of the City of London Rifle Club, and formerly in the Royal Engineers. His total was 226, against the 225 of the three next competitors. The winner, who is twenty-eight, is an employé in Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's printing works, and he was taught how to shoot at the miniature range which that firm has on its roof at Strand House, Portugal Street.—Mlle. Pauvert is twenty-one. She was the first woman to

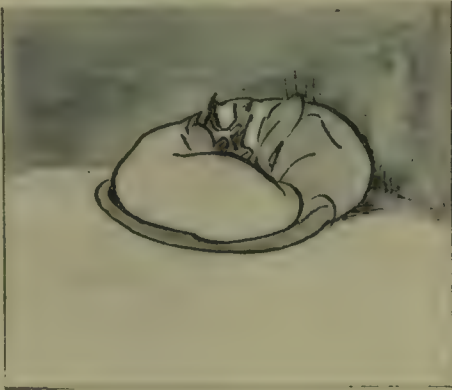
compete for the Grand Prix de Rome.—Mr. Purcell's majority was 3022. He polled 11,629 against the Unionist 8607, and the Liberal 3774.—Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. P. Braithwaite is to succeed Gen. Sir G. F. Milne as General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Eastern Command, on February 19, 1926. This change, with others, follows the selection of Sir George Milne to be the next Chief of the Imperial General Staff.—Captain H.H. the Maharajah of Rajpipla, K.C.S.I., is well known in this country. He is a newcomer to the Turf, and hopes to win a classic next year with Embargo. He rules a State of 1800 square miles.

BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO": No. XX.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



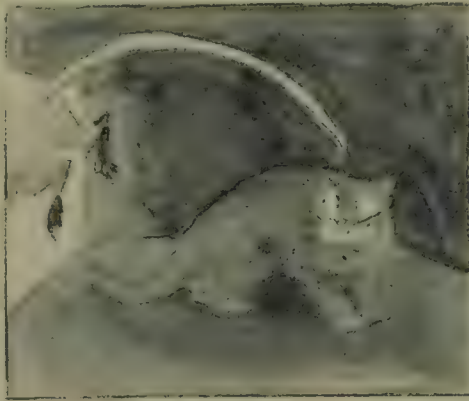
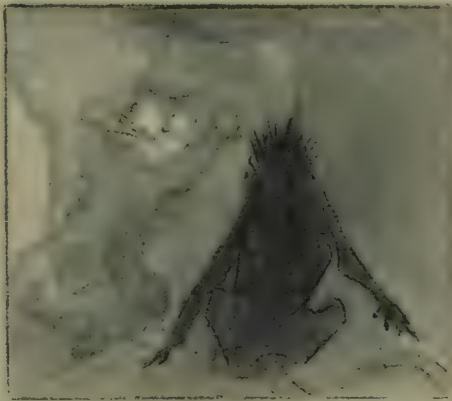
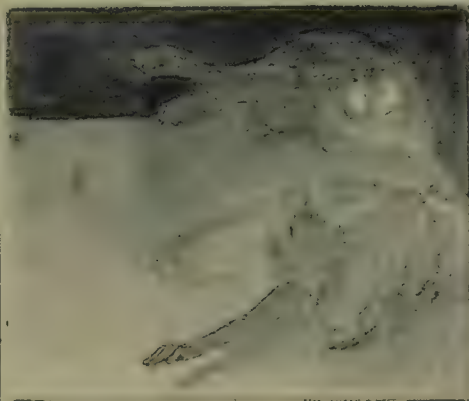
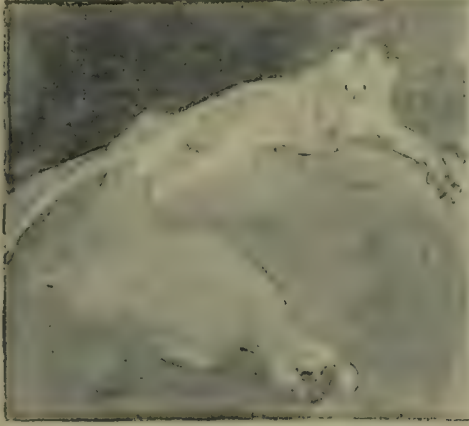
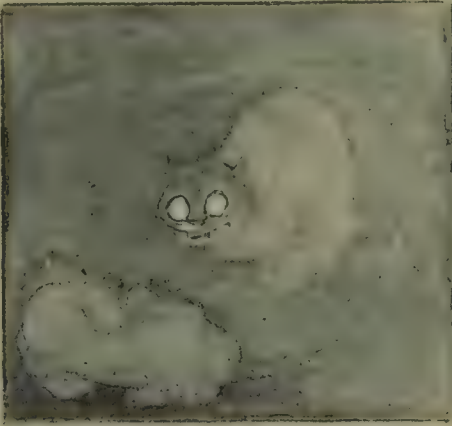
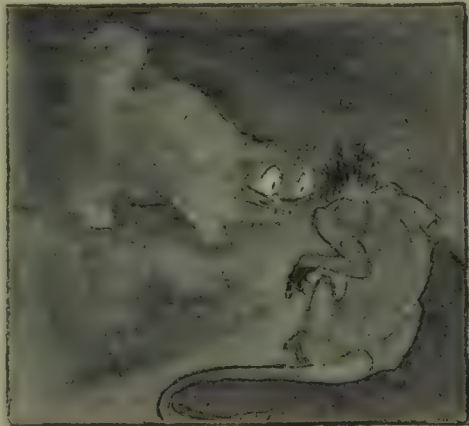
See, Blinx. The Sacred Balloons are retiring: I'm for bed, too. There's a cave they don't use - we will dig in there.



So the two friends settled down for the night in the vacant cave



But Blinx could get no rest for thinking of Bunda's perfidy in the Sea Lion and fish affair - Bunda is superstitious: Blinx will get even with him.



Nice fresh morning, Bunda: How about fish for breakfast!

BLINX HAS A SCORE TO WIPE OFF: HE TRIES THE TERROR BY NIGHT.

Cats have long memories, and monkeys are, after all, simple folk. So that night, when Blinx and Bunda retired to rest, Blinx lay awake thinking of Bunda's perfidy in the Sea Lion and Fish affair. "Let's see how he likes The Ghost of Monkey Hill!" chuckled Blinx to himself,

and when Bunda presently awoke, to find a terrible apparition staring him in the face, there followed uncounted hours of frightfulness, ending in a tree-top, where Blinx, with his morning greeting, got in the last stroke.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BACON says that "in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men make diaries; but in land-travel, wherein so much is to be observed, they omit it." He may have been referring to ships' logs, and in later days, at any rate, diarists began to record their experiences on land as well as water, besides trivial matters of domestic and social life. Journalism existed in this private form, as represented by diaries and letters, probably long before it became a public profession, and we owe to the private "journalist" some of the most delightful products of literature. Possibly they are less frank and intimate than fiction, but they appeal to that

... taste exact
For faultless fact

which is characteristic of the modern reader.

It happens this week that I have to compare two examples of "private journalism," both written by English women about a century ago, and overlapping in time, but not so much in place, for their ways lay far apart. The first of these two books (in chronological order) is "ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM INDIA (1779-1815)," by Mrs. Eliza Fay. With Introductory and Terminal Notes by E. M. Forster (Hogarth Press; 15s. net). The other is "THE JOURNAL OF CLARISSA TRANT" (1800-1832), edited by C. G. Luard. With nine illustrations (The Bodley Head; 18s. net).

Eliza Fay is to some extent a woman of mystery. All that is known of her origin is that she was born in 1756, "perhaps at Blackheath," and that her maiden name apparently began with C. About 1779 she married Anthony Fay, an Irishman by extraction and only son of "Francis Fay, gentleman, late of Rotherhithe." Her husband had just been called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, and was going out to practise as an advocate in Calcutta. She accompanied him, and at this point her letters to her family begin. "The first fourteen of them—the most brilliant she ever penned," says Mr. Forster, "describe the journey out. The ride across France, the adventures in Egypt, the voyage down the Red Sea, all lead up with unintentional art to the stupendous tragi-comedy of Calicut, where the East hit her, bang, and incidentally revealed to her both her husband's character and her own. The enormous letter recounting their imprisonment by Hyder Ali ranks among the more remarkable documents of Anglo-India."

In Calcutta, Anthony Fay, dissipated and quarrelsome, soon wrecked both his marriage and his career. "In less than two years he had run into debt, alienated their professional friends, and produced an illegitimate child, and his wife had to leave him." She returned to England in 1782, by way of St. Helena, and cast about for some means of independent livelihood. But the East had called her, and in 1784 she went back to Calcutta, where she thought of starting a girls' school, but eventually resumed business as a "mantua-maker." She became bankrupt in 1788, returned to England in 1794, sailed again to Calcutta in 1796, and the next year went to New York. Here occurs a gap in the record, owing to her later letters having been destroyed. In 1815 she is writing at Blackheath. Early in the following year she voyaged for the last time to Calcutta, and died there, aged sixty, on Sept. 9, 1816.

Such, in brief outline, was the life of this high-spirited and enterprising woman, who has left in her letters so vivid and amusing a record of all that she saw and suffered. "I want to make you see him," she writes in describing a fellow-passenger, and that phrase gives the key to her literary motive. She wants to make her reader see everything that came under her own quick observation, and she succeeds, whether the subject be Marie Antoinette's behaviour at the Colisée in Paris, or an interview with an hotel cook at Lyons on the subject of asparagus, or a giddy moment on mule-back at the edge of a precipice during the passage of Mont Cenis, or her impressions of people and places—such as Turin, Genoa, Alexandria, "Grand Cairo," the Pyramids, or Cleopatra's Needle, not yet removed from Egypt to the Victoria Embankment.

There is a slight mystery also about the frontispiece portrait reproduced from the original edition published at Calcutta in 1817. It shows her in the Egyptian dress she wore at Cairo in 1779, but the artist apparently could not have met her till he was in Calcutta in 1784, after she had had many intervening adventures, including a visit to England.

Doubtless she had preserved the Cairo costume through all vicissitudes.

Mr. Forster deserves gratitude for rescuing Mrs. Fay from oblivion, as well as for his conscientious editing and historical notes. He draws an interesting parallel between Eliza Fay and another contemporary "private journalist"—William Hickey, who "ran in and out of Calcutta during her period," though "they never allude to one another," and dates make it improbable that they ever met. "If she is a lady," writes Mr. Forster, "Hickey is a gentleman. . . . They give an account of Calcutta that would never occur to the well-bred, the highly educated, the sincerely pious, or the satisfactorily introduced."

Here and elsewhere I think Mr. Forster is rather hard on Eliza, despite his tribute to her courage, strong will, humour, powers of observation, and intense personality. Judging from her letters, I cannot believe that she was quite so vulgar and ignorant, or so "cattish" and disagreeable, as he seems to imply. Loose grammar and punctuation in a woman's letters are not uncommon, and errors in spelling count for little. Even Shakespeare

and her journeyings, though they did not take her so far afield, were more frequent and varied, while her range of mental interests was much wider. In short, we have here the record of a much-travelled young woman of society in Europe during the Napoleonic wars, and a very engrossing record it is.

Clarissa, who was born at Lisbon in 1800, was the daughter of Sir Nicholas Trant, an Irishman and a distinguished soldier, whose chief exploit was the capture of Coimbra in the Peninsular War. On becoming Governor of Oporto, he sent for his two motherless children, Clarissa and her younger brother Tom (then aged ten and six), and devoted himself to their upbringing. He was a restless man, fond of roughing it, and his daughter had to knock about with him all over Europe, "meeting every sort of interesting person and attending every kind of festivity," including some at Brussels a few days before Waterloo. "Her life," says Miss Luard, "was not an easy one. She was highly strung and timid by nature, and of delicate physique. . . . Travelling was rough enough in those days at the best, but it was often Clarissa's fate in her years of wandering to storm an Alpine pass in mid-winter, or to put out to sea in any kind of boat, whatever the wind, rather than delay the journey by a few hours."

The fair Clarissa was often wooed but hard to win. "I have counted twelve suitors," says Miss Luard, "and there are indications of more." She had one serious disappointment, for "when it came to the settlements, and the two fathers met, the canny Scotch General and the improvident Irish one, the negotiations broke down." But Clarissa survived it, and eventually, at thirty-two, she married an Essex Vicar, the Rev. John Bramston, who at Oxford had been a friend of Newman and pupil of Keble. Like the old novelists who wrote "Finis" to the sound of wedding bells, leaving the bride to live "happily ever after," she closes her journal at that point, and adds: "The rest of my little history is written on the tablets of my heart." She was certainly happy, but she died comparatively young, at forty-four. At her "most earnest wish," her husband married again. He became Dean of Winchester, and one of Clarissa's three children, John Trant Bramston, was for forty years House Master at Winchester College.

The journal was begun when Clarissa was six. The original has not survived, except in parts from 1824 onwards, but in later life she re-wrote it, often in the same words, for her elder daughter, the "little Clara" who afterwards married the Rev. B. G. Luard. Clarissa knew six languages, and "her journals," says Miss Luard, "are often written in French, and sometimes in Italian and in German." There are twenty-eight manuscript volumes, in a fine, clear hand, but, as the ink is faded and the writing is crossed and re-crossed, it was not easy to decipher. Miss Luard has performed her task of selecting and editing with great care and judgment, and I entirely agree with her on the subject of annotation. Short foot-notes are useful and do not, in my opinion, disfigure a page, while they are far more convenient than tiresome references which involve constant turning to the end of a book. The illustrations include two of Clarissa's sketches, a facsimile page from the journal (a list of books she had read), and a portrait of her, in colour, by Maclise.

Among the more interesting people whom she knew or met were such diverse characters as Wellington, Talleyrand, Mme. Tallien, Daniel O'Connell, Tom Moore, Southey, and Hannah More, and she makes two notable *addenda* to biography. "Nowhere, I believe, but in this journal," says Miss Luard, "is there any chronicle of how Napoleon spent what she calls 'the first fateful night' after his escape from Elba. Nor have I found elsewhere so detailed an account of the way in which Shelley met his death and of the evening preceding it." Clarissa was at Marseilles with her father when the news came of Napoleon's escape, and visited the Golfe de Juan a few days after he had landed there. The details about Shelley's shipwreck (in 1822) were given at Pisa in 1826, by "a Mr. Taaffe, a young Irish poet," who had heard the story from Byron. It emphasises Shelley's foolhardiness in putting to sea during a gale against all advice. Byron is reported to have said once to Mr. Taaffe, as Shelley went out of the room: "There goes as fine a fellow as ever breathed; it is a pity that he should be an atheist." C. E. B.



"F.L." AS AN ADVERTISEMENT: THE EIFFEL TOWER DECORATED WITH LIGHTS WHICH GROUP THEMSELVES AT INTERVALS INTO THE LETTERS "C-I-T-R-O-E-N" AND INTO OTHER DESIGNS.

The Eiffel Tower, which has been turned to the uses of advertisement during the Paris Exhibition of Decorative Arts, is one of the French wireless stations for sending out time signals and meteorological reports, and is occasionally used for broadcasting concerts. It is familiar to listeners-in as "F.L." Details of its use as an advertisement are given opposite.

appears to have been rocky in his spelling! Though obviously no "blue-stocking," Mrs. Fay makes literary and historical allusions that betray a certain amount of knowledge; she occasionally compares pictures and buildings, and she writes good descriptions of scenery. In Calcutta, after her husband's desertion, she was sufficiently liked and accepted to be intimate with a judge's wife, and she was magnanimous enough to provide for her unfaithful husband's bastard son, whom he had deserted and she sent to England to be educated. When close on forty, she was attractive enough to inspire an offer of marriage from a bibulous Irishman in Santa Cruz, and, though she rejected it, she could write of him: "Never did a kinder heart, a more generous spirit, exist." Those are not the words of an ill-bred shrew.

The journal of Clarissa Trant, edited by her descendant, Miss Clara Luard, possesses the advantage of novelty, for it has not been published before. Its author was socially above suspicion. If she was never in quite such tight corners as Eliza Fay, she had her share of danger,

THE EIFFEL TOWER AS THE WORLD'S LARGEST ILLUMINATED SIGN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. J. MORTIMER.



THE "F.L." OF THE LISTENER-IN BECOMES AN ADVERTISEMENT DURING THE PARIS EXHIBITION : AT WORK ON THE EIFFEL TOWER.

The Paris Exhibition of Decorative Arts affording an excuse, the Eiffel Tower, which stood, a dark shadow, in the fairyland of lights on the banks of the Seine, has been illuminated, and now presents nightly a series of ever-changing designs which turn at intervals into the letters C-I-T-R-O-E-N, and thus give publicity to a famous make of motor-cars on what is without question the world's largest illuminated sign. Some 200,000 multi-coloured lamps are used, with 34 kilometres

of cables and 56 kilometres of electric wire. The rent charged is 350,000 francs a year, and, in addition, the Municipality of Paris will benefit by 300,000 francs in advertisement-tax. What Eiffel himself would have said to all this may be gauged from the sarcastic answer he gave when a similar project was suggested to him years ago. "I will agree—on condition that you begin with the towers of Notre Dame."



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



GALSWORTHY'S "THE SHOW": SUPERB ACTING.—SALZBURG FESTIVAL.—HENRY AINLEY.

NOT enough has been said about the exquisite performances in Galsworthy's latest play at the St. Martin's. Such acting is to be seen as is second to none in Europe and America. "Can you beat it?" I said to a young American producer who is here on a trip of study. And he simply answered: "Superb." It is the right word. But I would have more evidence, not from ordinary playgoers only, but from those represented in the play. So I asked a C.I.D. official at one of the courts where I pay a weekly visit to observe the theatre of life. "The methods of the police—as described in the play," said he, "are all wrong. Mr. Galsworthy treats an inquest as if it were a criminal enquiry. The officer has no right to cross-examine; to insinuate; to treat possible witnesses as suspects; to enter a private domicile without a search-warrant, let alone to carry away a box of letters that might incriminate the owner. If we behaved like that, and it were found out or complained of, we should soon get 'the sack.' The 'Police Guide' clearly sets out what we may do and what we may not. The actions of 'A Detective' go beyond his book all the time."

"Agreed; but what about Mr. Leslie Banks, the actor who plays the detective?"

"He is like one of us. He might have been studying in the Yard—perhaps he had some permit—he has caught the manner exactly. I liked that quiet, dry, matter-of-fact way of his immensely."

A reporter whom I asked to give his opinion of Mr. Clifford Mollison, a colleague in the play, simply said: "O.K.; and the Editor (Mr. Aubrey Mather) reminds me very much of my boss, only I don't know whether he would have been so patient with the Colonel—we have no time for much palaver at the office."

The rest I could judge very well for myself. I have many a time been on juries—special, grand, petty—and not very long ago I was at an inquest. I remember them well, these twelve "heads," all so different in their commonplace carving of features, all the same in the microcosmic mould of their mind. When the twelve good men and true filed out into the ante-room to consider their verdict, it was as if I lived an inquest at Paddington Green over again. They all reminded me of the purlieus of the

Edgware Road. And the Foreman was stereotyped, suave of manner and persuasive, a wiseacre in his own way, bent upon the verdict of "unsound mind." In that particular case they did not leave the box, but whispered to one another, fragments becoming audible; but their ways and their faces were the same as in the play.

Of Miss Haidée Wright's tearful little mother it is not necessary to say more. We all agreed that she and the quiet, impassive, sad wife of Miss Mollie Kerr were the two characters that moved us. Miss Hermione Baddeley as the late Major's little friend, "grilled" by the detective, was pathetic too, but she was just a little exaggerated in her cries. She was slightly melodramatic—somewhat beyond the atmosphere of the play. There remains the maid's father, played by Mr. Ben Field. That was an inimitable creation—the very man-in-the-street whose emotions are more stirred by the temporary loss of his pipe than by his little girl's anguish and remorse that she had not gone straight. Where all the other parties were in tears and grief, he, waiting for the verdict, talked about politics—as if the court were his favourite bar, and the whole business of no concern to him. Whatever may be said of Galsworthy's play as a realistic picture of life, there is no gainsaying that there are few authors who so inspire the actors to render the boundaries between truth and fiction almost imperceptible.

From Aug. 13 to 31, Salzburg will present, in the famous Riding-School and in the theatre, a series of entertainments which will be of great interest to all who visit this charming city. Max Reinhardt is producing "The Miracle," in which Lady Diana Manners will again take the part of the Madonna; and "The Great Salzburg World Theatre," by Hoffmannsthal. There will be three

orchestral concerts conducted by such well-known musicians as Bruno Walter, Franz Schalk, and Dr. Carl Muck; and five chamber concerts in which Alfred Piccaver, Richard Mayer, and the Society of Wind Instruments from the Vienna State Opera will take part. Three operas will be performed: Mozart's "Don Juan" and "The Marriage of Figaro," and Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," by members of the Vienna State Opera. Such a variety of highly artistic productions will no doubt attract many British visitors, and Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, the American Express Company, and the Salzburg "Festspielhaus" Company will furnish all details and tickets for this unique feast of music and acting.

There is something in Henry Ainley's first approach which irresistibly appeals to men and women alike. He grips you by the hand with true welcome in the shake; he grips you by his voice, in which resounds the sonority of Big Ben chiming the hour; he grips you by the frank blue colour of his eyes, that would penetrate into your inwardness. He is a genuine man; and genuine, too, he is as an actor. When he plays a new part you fathom at once whether he feels happy in its exploration. If he does, he rings true; if not, he still acts with zeal in hope of conquest, but a sordine seems to damp his voice and stress emphasises his movements, as of one fighting against helpless odds. His nature is adverse to what he feels to be unreal. Thus is he in "The Fool," that strange mixture of religious salve and pharisaism.

But when the character appeals to him, he carries all before and with him. He did it in juvenile days when

he illuminated the young heroes of the classics, as well as the Romeos in modern guise; he did it when it pleased him to slip into the skin of age and to render such characters as the dear old dealer of "Quinneys," or in the Eastern raiment of the humor-



LOOKING INTO THE GARRET IN WHICH THE WILD DUCK IS KEPT: OLD EKDAL (MR. BREMBER WILLS), HJALMAR EKDAL (MR. MILTON ROSMER), AND HEDVIG (MISS ANGELA BADDELEY) IN THE IBSEN PLAY AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

"The Wild Duck" was recently revived at the Everyman Theatre, and it has now been brought to the St. James's. Our photograph shows the Ekdals—father and son—looking into the garret in which the wild duck is kept, with Hedvig beside them.

Photograph by C. Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.

ously pathetic beggar in "Hassan." He does it now as Maldonado in "Iris," and between him and the original creation by Oscar Asche is this difference: Asche was all brute force—magnificently simulated—unleavened by a subconscious touch of feeling. In Ainley's reading there is still the force, but through it lurks just a ray of commiseration for the woman broken as a butterfly on the wheel.

For Ainley is an artist above all, and in his acting the working of his mind appears uppermost. Were it for him to choose, every phase of the character he embodies would make for sympathy. In his voice, in his features, in his being, is the reflection of the inner man. His is a nature exuberantly full of the milk of human kindness, and craving that in others the flow may ever stream towards him. He is sensitive in the widest sense of the word, and the manifestation of it is one of the secrets of his sway over the public. Humour he has too, but he cares for its delicacy rather than its obtrusive utterance. His smile speaks volumes, and its suaveness dulcifies even the aspersive word.

There was a time when his talent seemed to waver between swashbuckling swagger and a somewhat wry expressiveness. That was a transition period—when the *jeune premier* graduated towards the ripeness of the character-actor. The strife over, he settled down to creations of breadth and power. Still at the portals of middle-age, in aspect the ideal of glorious virility, he reveals the knowledge of life, experience, suffering—above all, the hallowed quality of mercy.

To me, Henry Ainley is the incarnation of *tout comprendre tout pardonner*. In other words, he is human to a fault. He has lived through the whole gamut. He has lost illusions without becoming disillusioned. Understanding radiates from him. There is something wistful in his smile and in his way. It would seem as if he had solved part of the riddle of life, yet groped with the lantern of Diogenes to seek that which is good and noble in the struggling community. That is why he appeals; that is why he moves us.



IBSEN'S "THE WILD DUCK" AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: HJALMAR EKDAL (MR. MILTON ROSMER) AND GINA (MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE).

Mr. Milton Rosmer takes the part of Hjalmar Ekdal, the foolish egoist and leading character in "The Wild Duck," and gives an admirable rendering of the part. Our photograph shows him, after he has told his wife that he intends to forsake her, left the house, and then returned on some foolish pretext, sitting down to a hearty meal while he explains that life is unbearable.

Photograph by C. Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.



The Great Hall, Cotehele House, Cornwall.

Saved by neglect

NEAR five hundred years ago, one Richard Edgcumbe lay hiding at his manor house of Cotehele on the tree-clad Tamar bank. For armed rebellion against his king, Richard III, he had been declared an outlaw. Tracked to his home, Edgcumbe escaped by killing the sentinel guarding his gate, and joined Henry Tudor in France, where he shared in Henry's trials, and later, in his triumph at Bosworth Field. So the fortune of the family was founded, for though Cotehele had an existence dating from the fourteenth century or even earlier, its owners were of small account until Richard Edgcumbe was knighted by Henry VII and made Controller of the Royal Household.

When you pass through the gateway where that sentry was killed, cross the courtyard and enter the weathered grey granite building, you feel you have stepped back five centuries, for Cotehele has hardly changed in character or contents since mediæval days. The whole house is a delight in its complete antiquity. The ancient hall, with its timbered roof quaintly braced, its rough stone walls hung with weapons, armour and trophies of the chase, stone mullioned windows diamond-paned, gives a wonderful picture of the home life of early Tudor times.

From the 17th century Cotehele was more or less deserted as a habitation in favour of a newer house at Mount Edgcumbe, becoming just a depository for discarded tapestries and unfashionable furniture. Strangely enough this very indifference to the charms of Cotehele has been the means of preserving a veritable treasure house for the pleasure of posterity. Due appreciation for age and intrinsic quality was more quickly shown when John Haig Scotch Whisky was produced three hundred years ago, with the result that this famous whisky is now a world-wide favourite.



*A Chair-table or Monk's Bench,
Early 17th Century.*

A Cotehele piece of furniture, the top of which is hinged to tilt forward and form a table. The back of chair or under part of table is beautifully carved. Sometimes these were made with circular backs to form a round table.



By Appointment.

Dye Ken
John Haig?

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE Duke and Duchess of Northumberland are now in possession of a fourth son. This falls far short of the Duke's own family, for he had a dozen brothers and sisters. The Duchess also belongs to a large family, although all had not the same mother. She is one of our most beautiful Peeresses, and is a great favourite with the King and Queen. The littlest of her babies will probably prevent her being hostess to his Majesty at Goodwood House for race week; as the Queen will not be there, a hostess will not be necessary. Her eldest son, Lord Percy, is a godson of the King, has just entered on his fourteenth year, and is a charming boy. The two little girls, Lady Ivy and Lady Diana, are a pretty pair, always dressed alike and rather quaintly. The nearest member of the family to the new son is Lord Richard, who was four in February.

The Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, who have made a short stay in London, will soon be going back to Northern Ireland, where the Duke takes his duties as Governor-General very seriously. Times are changed since his grandfather was twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Castle entertaining made a season in Dublin shorter but hardly less brilliant than that in London. That Duke was, like this one, tall and handsome. Unlike his grandson, he had a long beard—an admired appendage in those days—and was known in his later years as "Old Splendid," a name he liked and looked. His seven daughters married Peers, none under the rank of Earl; and his sons all made their mark in the world. The only unmarried daughter of the present house, Lady Katharine Hamilton, has been very little out and about this season, but has been with her friend, the Duchess of York.

Lord Londonderry has taken the Loch Choire shooting, stalking, and fishing in Sutherlandshire from the Duke of Sutherland again this year. The Lodge is beautifully situated on the shores of the loch. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York have been guests there of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. Lord and Lady Londonderry were at Loch Choire last autumn for a time. Lady Londonderry had most of the sport, for the Marquess had to be a great deal in Ireland, where he is in the Northern Irish Cabinet. A garden party given at their beautiful Irish place on the shore of Lough Strangford was a great success. There were nearly four thousand guests. The youngest member of the family, Lady Mary Stewart, drove

skirts are longer again, and that by three or four inches. It is all to the good, and at the aforesaid match everyone spoke of the real beauty of the dresses, and very many spoke of the prettiness of the girls, among whom lipstick and make-up were conspicuous only by their absence. It has become so now that a woman with very short skirts, little or no sleeves, and décolletée to a considerable degree is put down as distinctly "bad form," and that is a very serious social allegation. "It looks," said a lady of distinction and degree, "like a return to sanity on the part of womankind after their post-war kicks over the traces, and if so, the world will soon follow."

The Earl of Longford, whose marriage to Miss Christine Trew took place at Oxford recently, came of

Although described as a quiet wedding, that of the Hon. Alastair Watson and Miss Joan Cobbold was a very pretty one and very well attended. There was no effort after special effect in the dresses of the eight bridesmaids, four of them children—two quite



For cloudy days has this frock been designed. It is expressed in fancy cashmere cloth, the colour-scheme being beige blue and red.

age two years ago last December. His mother is one of the Dowager Countess of Jersey's daughters, and he is a nephew of Lady Dynevor and Lady Dunsany, and cousin to the young Earl of Jersey. The late Lord Longford, who was killed in action at Gallipoli, was a distinguished soldier, and was through the South African War, in which he was wounded. The family seat is in Westmeath, but the residence is Pakenham Hall, Oxford. The bridegroom has one brother, nearly three years his junior, and four sisters. The eldest, Lady Pansy Pakenham, is very pretty, and has been going out with some of her cousins this season. The Pakenhams have been settled in Ireland since 1655, and many members of the family have been fine soldiers.



Felt makes the hat above. It is a pleasant variation on the cloche theme, and is trimmed with ribbon and a fancy ornament.

tiny. Nevertheless, they were effective and charming. Cream-coloured georgette they were, and simple in style. Then, in fine contrast, wreaths of crimson roses with long velvet streamers down the back. They carried bouquets of crimson rambler. Not any of the much-written-of specially designed dresses were prettier. The bride had a lot of green in her bridal attire, showing that she has more faith in her own choice than in superstition. Lord Manton and his brothers are fine-looking young men, and are generally credited with being as good as they look, so the bride's green will bring her no ill-luck.

The Don Cossacks inaugurated their season at Olympia quite brilliantly as regarded the audience. The Queen of Rumania was there, and the Duke and Duchess of York and Prince Henry. The gala performance was organised by Pripcess Nicholas of Greece, who was a Russian Grand Duchess when Russia had such possessions. The trick riding was, of course, wonderful, and the general horsemanship quite thrilling. To our British ideas it was too sensational, and we should find good steeplechasing more to our taste. Nevertheless, these Cossack officers are good to look at on their horses, which are almost as clever as their riders, and go to prove that a school for polo ponies would be a useful institution in this country, as it has proved in long years in America. A player ought to have a mount that knows the game.

Southern Irish Loyalists are not forgotten by their friends in the Empire. A delightful concert was organised on behalf of the ladies' committee of their relief association by two Australian artists, Mr. George Brooke, tenor, and Mr. Edward Cahill, pianist. Lady Violet Astor lent her fine ball-room at 18, Carlton House Terrace, and Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll was present, the first function her Royal Highness has attended since her illness, and then she stayed only a little while, having come, as she said, to thank the generous artists. There was an interesting and interested audience, which included Katharine Duchess of Westminster and her daughter, Lady Helen Seymour, the Dowager Countess of Argyll, Mary Countess of Minto, the Dowager Countess of Antrim, the Countess of Bandon, the Countess of Desart, and Lady (Henry) Wilson.

A. E. L.



This simple hat with shady brim is of felt of a lovely violet nuance, and is trimmed with black ribbon.

about among them in her goat-cart, and was a centre of interest and admiration.

All the outdoor functions of late, and especially the Eton and Harrow match, have demonstrated that

SOCIAL PROBLEMS

I.



A, having gone straight to bed, considerably fatigued after a long journey, is prompted by sounds immediately outside the door to wonder whether the number of his room might possibly have been 216, instead of 126, as he supposed. What should A do?

Well, hang it all, what can he do? . . . except—

LIGHT AN ABDULLA
Fougasse.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

Turkish

Egyptian

Virginia

Fashions and Fancies.

A Practical Hint for Travelling.

At this time of year, everyone's thoughts are occupied with holiday travelling, whether it be for a

week-end, a month, years ago, trunks, portmanteaux, and suit-cases for each occasion littered the box-room at home, and made any journey a burden. To-day, however, a single case will meet every requirement. It is the Revelation Rigid Expanding Suit-Case, an ingenious invention which expands and contracts so that it is always just right, whether carrying equipment for a few days, weeks, or a month. Although the locks and hinges expand and the sides overlap, the case is rigid in every position, an obvious advantage. There are not only suit-cases, but attaché-cases, trunks, luggage for all purposes, built in the splendid Revelation way. Furthermore, they are available in leather, canvas, and light vulcanised fibre at prices to suit every pocket. The London headquarters are at 169, Piccadilly, W., but if a personal visit is not possible, a postcard to this address, mentioning the name of this paper, will bring by return the name of the nearest agent and a brochure giving full particulars.

Refreshing in Hot Weather. When the temperature is eighty in the shade, it seems an almost impossible task to look pleasantly cool and unruffled, especially after strenuous sports.



After a strenuous game, a few drops of "4711" Eau de Cologne on the temples and behind the ears will impart instant freshness and vigour.

Yet a few drops of "4711" Eau-de-Cologne behind each ear and sprinkled on the temples afford instant relief and impart at once a general feeling of freshness and well-being. The absolute purity and fragrance of "4711" have been famous for many centuries, and the woman who uses it to soften the water for her toilet is sure of a clear, healthy skin and an ally to combat fatigue and nerve strain. In bottles ranging from 2s. 6d. upwards, "4711," distinguishable by the famous blue and gold label, can be secured from all dealers in high-class perfumes, as well as "4711" bath salts (1s. 6d.), soap, and face creams in the same series. The "4711" cold cream is 1s. 6d., and the vanishing cream 1s. and 2s. a jar.

Irish Tweeds from Portrush.

Whatever the season, tailored outfits of tweed for sports wear are always correct. For golfing, shooting, and strenuous outdoor wear, Hamilton's Irish tweeds, woven from pure new wool in distinctive designs, yield splendid service, for their sterling qualities will stand the test of time and hard wear. Obtainable from the White House, Portrush, North Ireland, they are sold in lengths or in outfits made to measure by men tailors. Patterns and brochures, the latter giving particulars of a simple self-measurement system ensuring a perfect fit, will be sent gratis and post free to all who apply mentioning the name of this paper.

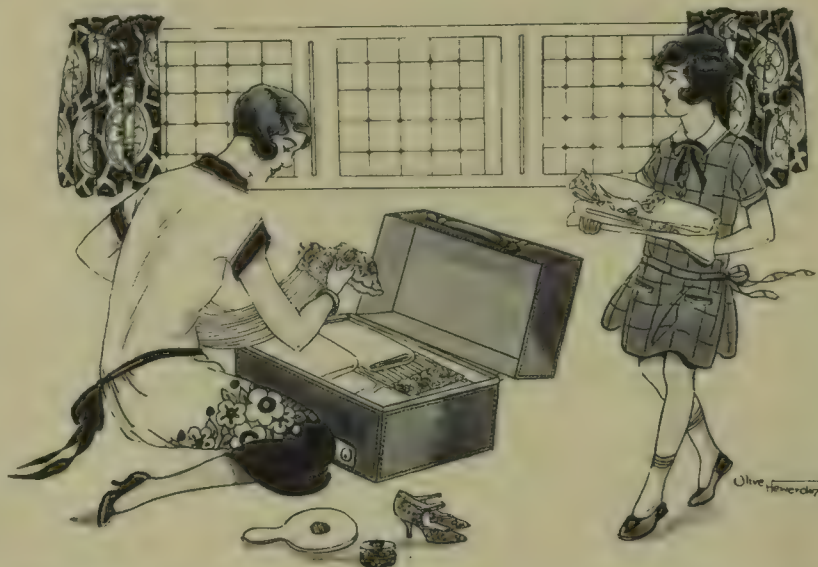
Mowing Made Easy.

Every owner of a tennis court has experienced the fatigue that constant mowing entails. But with the Atco Motor Mower troubles of this description are quickly banished. An area of 1000 square

yards of turf can be mowed in twenty minutes at a fuel-cost of less than 1½d., and all that is necessary is to guide it. Full particulars of this splendid labour-saving device will be sent free on request to all readers who apply to Charles H. Pugh Ltd., Whitworth Works, 11, Tildon Road, Birmingham.

A Remedy for Sunburn.

All too frequently at this season one meets women whose faces are disfigured by redness and peeling skin. No complexion can stand with impunity the constant exposure to sun and wind which the holidays entail, and Nature, if she receives no help, takes a swift revenge. But a simple precaution will remedy the situation. Beetham's Lait La-rola, obtainable from all chemists and stores in 1s. 6d. bottles, is a soothing emollient which keeps the skin soft and smooth in the most trying conditions. Applied regularly on the face, neck, and arms, this fragrant preparation renders them white and beautiful. Those who are rather too pale must seek the aid of the La-rola Rose Bloom.



Packing is a simple matter with a Revelation Expanding Suit-Case, which is adjustable, so that it is never too empty or too full.



One of the small things that really matter—

Cerebos
SALT

Supplied to the House of Lords.

CS 15



The Fourteen-Forty-five Rover

Combining the superior efficiency of the four-cylinder with the sweet running of a "six," this car charms also by its magnificent lines, comfort and economy. The catalogue explains the many valuable features: may we send it? Models from £550.

ROVER

The Rover Company, Ltd., 61, New Bond St. W. & Coventry.

ROVER IS BRITISH ALL THROUGH



THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH ~ South ~

A blissful enchantment haunts the South. The magic of sunshine and warmth is like a spell that holds the soul. Life seems but a happy melody of ease as agreeable as the serene content and cloudless geniality that is ever the gift of

DEWAR'S



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE World of Music has suddenly come to a full stop. By the middle of July there is complete silence at Covent Garden, and even the Carl Rosa Company, after an exceptionally prosperous season, has left London for its summer holiday. There is an end to concerts, except for private ones, although the International Society for Intimate Concerts, after giving a Spanish concert at the Ritz Hotel, on July 7, gave another concert on July 16—when the Brussels Quartet played Three Novelettes by Glazounow and a Mozart quartet for flute and strings. That fine flautist, M. Louis Fleury, also played flute solos by Roland Manuel, Reynaldo Hahn, and Rimsky-Korsakov. The Spanish concert had the assistance of a Spanish orchestra, supplemented by members of Mr. Anthony Bernard's Chamber orchestra, and the chief items in the programme were by Manuel de Falla, Ravel, and Honnegger.

But these are the last flickers of the musical life of the 1925 season. From now onwards there is nothing to be heard in London but the noise of the traffic, until the middle of August, when the Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall will begin again. Their next season will be on the same lines as the last. The scheme has now become more or less unalterable until there is another revolution in the London public's musical taste. Mondays will be Wagner nights; on Tuesdays the older classics, such as Haydn and Handel, will be played; on Wednesdays there will be a symphony; Thursdays will be mixed with a seasoning of modern British and foreign compositions; Bach and Beethoven

will monopolise Fridays, whilst Saturday will remain the popular night, as before.

The experience of the opera companies during the past season would seem to prove that the musical public has grown very largely, and no doubt the "Proms" may expect to have a record season. But

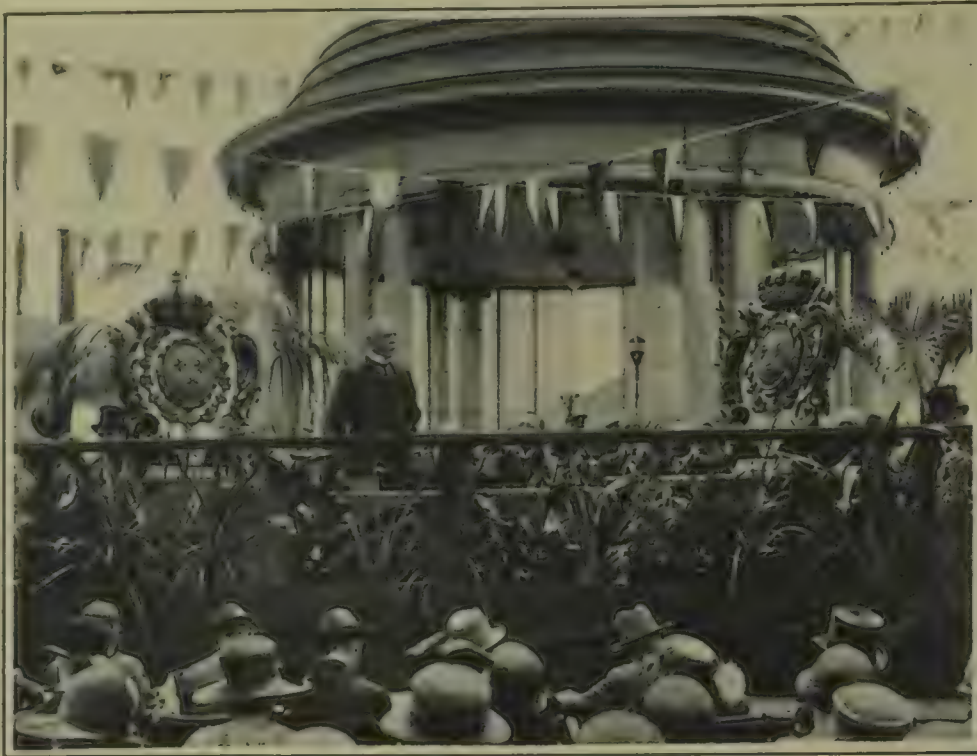
communication issued by Lieut.-Colonel Eustace Blois that only two operas during the season actually filled Covent Garden to capacity. These two operas were "Der Rosenkavalier" and "Tosca." The former was the sensation of last year, and received a great deal of publicity. Therefore its repetition

with practically the same cast was a certain draw. Also its popularity was fully justified, for in general *ensemble* it was probably the finest of all the season's productions. "Tosca" owed its attractiveness more to the extraordinary acting of Mme. Jeritza in the title rôle than to its musical or artistic qualities. Lieut.-Colonel Blois complains that some of the best productions, such as "Il Barbiere," were insufficiently appreciated. I drew particular attention to the merits of the performance of "Il Barbiere," and if it had been given oftener, it would have no doubt drawn better, for it takes time for the public to get to know what are the best productions to see. Another fine production, which he does not mention, but which no doubt did not get the support it deserved (again, partly because the public hadn't time to learn about it) was "The Flying Dutchman." This was remarkable for the fine musical and dramatic *ensemble*, and for the superb acting and singing in the principal parts.

Lieut.-Colonel Blois complains that too much adverse criticism has been written against the setting and staging of the operas, while admitting that Covent Garden is notoriously weak in these respects. It is, of course, true

that when there is only a limited amount of money to be spent, a certain selection is necessary. The new London Opera Syndicate has elected to spend its money on securing that the musical

[Continued on page 183.]



TAKEN FROM THE GATES OF QUEBEC AND NOW RETURNED BY HASTINGS:
THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CANADA RECEIVING THE SHIELD.

The above photograph represents the Hon. P. C. Larkin, High Commissioner for Canada, formally receiving the shield which was taken from the gates of Quebec in 1759, and has been given up by the Corporation of Hastings to be returned to Canada. A replica is being kept in Hastings.—[Photograph by the Central Press.]

the expense of all large-scale musical enterprise is becoming more and more difficult to meet. In spite of the enthusiasm, and the apparently crowded houses at Covent Garden, I learn from an official



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Compulsory Insurance.

Most people, I should imagine, will agree with the motives which led Lord Russell to introduce his Bill for compelling motorists to insure against third-party risks. I myself cannot understand why it should be necessary to make such a precaution a legal obligation, since it might be thought that every prudent person would take the initiative for himself. Of course, if he should be a person of practically unlimited means, who is prepared to face the risk of having to pay several thousands of pounds in damages in case of accident, that is one thing. In effect he is carrying his own insurance. But the average person who motors is certainly not one who can contemplate such a contingency without misgiving, and one would imagine that he would insure without any compulsion.



A CAR THE PRINCE HAS USED: THE CROSSLEY ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR.

The Prince of Wales is here shown in the Crossley car which he has been using throughout his South African tour. The photograph was taken in Bloemfontein, and shows the mock commando of University students which escorted him through the town.

It was therefore with considerable surprise that I read in the *Daily Mail*, on the authority of an insurance official, that no more than one in forty motorists is

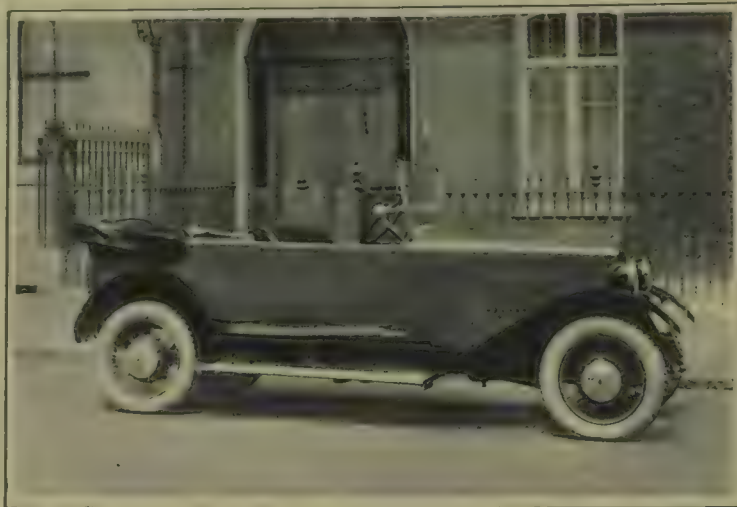
insured against third-party claims. I am certainly not prepared to accept such figures without confirmation; but, if they are taken as approximately representing the facts, then I think the case for compulsion is vastly strengthened. In the ordinary way I hate compulsion of any sort, but in this case I am all in favour of it. No one knows when he may be involved in a road accident which may result in serious, even fatal, personal injury through no fault of his own; and, to my way of thinking, it is all wrong that the defaulting party should, as may quite conceivably be the case, be both uninsured and financially unable to pay for the damage and injury he has caused. Although Lord Russell did not press his Bill, on the undertaking of the Government to consider the matter in conjunction with the projected codified motor legislation, I think he did well to have the subject debated.

Road Manners.

The Royal Scottish A.C. inform me that the committee have had before them numerous representations and complaints with regard to the driving of motor-cars on the public roads. It would appear from these and from observation generally that there is a growing tendency on the part of many drivers to hold to the crown of the road; that this is done in many cases where there is ample room at the side; and that the comfort and convenience or safety of the vehicles passed is disregarded or imperilled. The habit of approaching corners on the wrong side and without giving an indication of the approach by sounding the horn, and of passing overtaken vehicles at such places, has been in recent

months very conspicuous, and is much to be deprecated. All this is possibly consequent on the introduction to the road of large numbers of new

vehicles and new drivers, whose road sense is deficient, and whose knowledge of the law and rules of the road and of general etiquette and courtesies in its use is



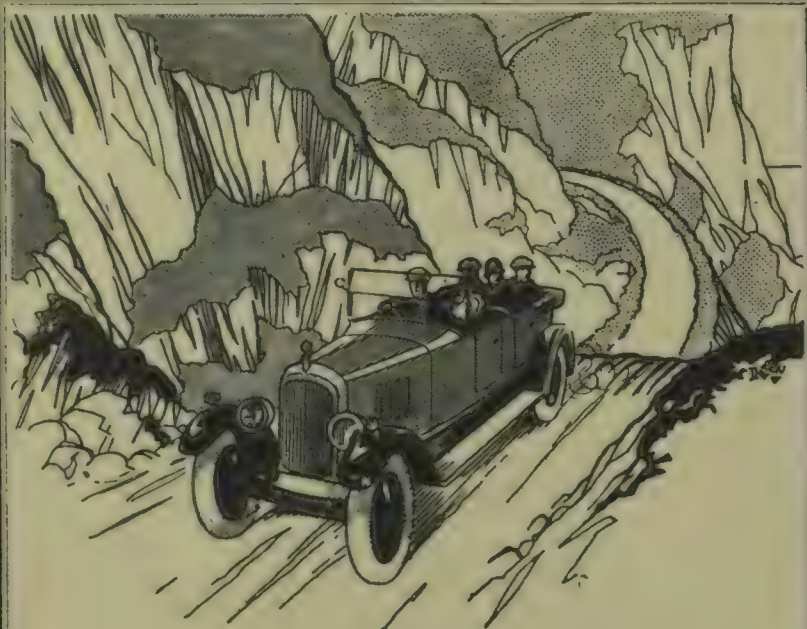
THE NEW 10-H.P. MODEL "J.P." DE DION-BOUTON CAR.

scanty. The club committee, consequently, cannot too strongly emphasise the need for consideration of these matters by every motor vehicle driver. The great increase in the quantity and speed of traffic calls for more care and consideration from each individual driver, and only by that can ordinary comfort in road travelling and his own and other people's safety be secured.

A New De Dion-Bouton Model.

Since the very earliest days of the motor-car, the De Dion-Bouton mark has been associated with superlative durability of construction and reliability of running. Even to-day I sometimes meet on the road cars of the old single-cylinder 6 and 8-h.p. types, which have the best part of twenty years of service behind them, and are still doing their work gallantly and well. Apparently, it is impossible to wear out a De Dion. We do not hear a great deal about the mark nowadays, for the reason that the connection established in the early days has stuck to the firm so well that it has had

[Continued overleaf.]



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The production of Shell and its transport from overseas *employ many thousands of British subjects.* A further number is employed in the refining processes carried out by Shell in this country, though admittedly up-to-date methods of performing these operations on however large a scale do not admit of the employment of labour to any great extent.

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Continued.

little need to seek the light of publicity. For many years it has refrained from racing and competitions, and has been content to sell its cars through the medium of personal recommendation. Now, however, a more forward policy is being embarked upon, new models are coming along, and De Dions are once more to be made a favourite series among British motorists. The latest model to be introduced is a 10-h.p. chassis, known as the "J.P." It impresses me as a very sound little car, conventional in design, but with many points which stamp it as the production of people who know their business. The motor is of the four-cylinder type, with side-by-side valves and detachable head. It has a bore of 62 mm. and stroke of 110 mm., and is of the two-bearing type. All the principal engine bearings are lubricated by pressure, through an oil-pump located in the sump. The gear-box affords four forward speeds and a reverse, the gears being operated by a centrally placed control lever. Rudge-Whitworth wire-wheels are fitted, equipped with balloon tyres of 715 by 115 mm. Selling at £255 as a chassis and at £295 as a four-seater all-weather torpedo, it strikes me as being very good value. W. W.

INDUSTRY AND WAR.

(Continued from Page 180.)

That confidence in the unlimited development of consumption, however, is not a mere dream. It corresponds, to a certain extent, to a state of mind which tends to become universal. Wars and revolutions, by shaking up the masses, by breaking down traditions, and liquidating the capital which had been accumulated by preceding generations, have always excited the desire for well-being and luxury. In our quantitative civilisation, this incentive must be even stronger than in the past, because the war, in developing great industries, has multiplied the means of satisfying the new desires of the masses. If the Chinese and Indians desire felt hats, they can find them even in the little Tuscan towns. In the midst of this overflowing abundance, the desire to live more largely must have spread during the last ten years over all the globe, even to the Mussulman world and the Asiatic masses. One of the reasons why Oriental carpets are becoming more expensive is because the patient workers who make them, even in the far corners of Asia, will no longer consent to live as

simply as their fathers did, and demand higher wages. Customers will not be wanting for the new industries born out of the World War. When, a century ago, the new industrial era began, it had to fight against the simplicity of the old qualitative civilisations which still characterised the customs of the people. The world would not consume the products of the new industry even when it could afford to do so. It required long and patient work to uproot the tastes and habits of the past in the new generation.



THE QUEEN OF RUMANIA VISITS "THE GAZEWAY": ADMIRING THE LAVENDER BORDERS IN THE GARDEN AT SURBITON.

Recently the Queen of Rumania, accompanied by her sister, the Infanta Beatrice of Spain, paid a second visit to the establishment of Messrs. W. H. Gaze and Sons, Ltd., at Surbiton, where they were extremely interested in the big stock of authentic Old English furniture and reproductions of various kinds in the show-rooms. They are here seen in the sunken garden.

That resistance no longer exists in Europe and America, and is becoming weaker in the other continents. The passion for luxury has become universal; the world would willingly consume all that industry can produce.

But it is not sufficient that people should wish to consume; they must also give something in exchange for the things desired. If wars and revolutions excite a desire for well-being in the masses, they also increase misery, by destroying enormous quantities of capital. The wars and revolutions which we have witnessed during the past ten years have, indeed, formed no exceptions to this rule.

Immense countries—Russia, the ancient Turkish Empire, and a part of Central Europe—have fallen into frightful misery. In all countries the middle classes are more or less impoverished; and this impoverishment is, of course, greater in countries where the currency is depreciated. The workmen, after the high wages they earned in the war, are everywhere going through difficult times. Unemployment, short hours, the price of food, high rents, and taxes reduce their spending power on all sides, and oblige them to restrict their wants. In fact, it is not the desire to consume, but the possibility, which is lacking. The whole world is in a condition of economic unbalancedness, from which it seems as if it would only be able to free itself by arresting the industrial development for a time, and by augmenting the output of articles of food and primary materials. The economic crisis from which the world is suffering seems only to admit of this one solution. Great disasters would overtake our epoch if interests and passions should succeed in preventing or rendering this course too difficult.

Everywhere complaint is made of the dearness of living and the price of rents in the great towns. On the contrary, we ought to see in that very dearness the *vis medicatrix naturæ* which will cure us while making us suffer. If it is so difficult to feed and lodge oneself in the towns, it is because there are too many people—more than are required by the exigencies of our civilisation; it is because the population ought to be distributed differently between the towns and the country; it is because our time is suffering from an industrial and urban congestion.

Those difficulties, if they do not indeed bring back to the country districts many of the improvised industrial workmen of recent years, will at least prevent the already excessive development of the towns and of industry from continuing. It is a salutary check imposed by the force of circumstances on human folly, which still seeks to revolt.

This *vis medicatrix naturæ* is also manifested in the dispersal of the great fortunes made in the war. Those fortunes dazzled many superficial minds, who thought that a historical cataclysm of gigantic proportions could create an era of marvellous prosperity and power. A gigantic cataclysm can only engender a long period of perturbation, all the more dangerous because for a time it takes on the fallacious appearance of prosperity and power. But those appearances cannot last long, and reality quickly reasserts its rights by imposing the hard law of proportion on a world which had escaped from it in a temporary convulsion. If War can be the nurse of industry, Peace is at all times a better one—slower, less violent, but more certain.

Sporting Lore

LONDON.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1881.

Every racing man knows how persistent is the betting woman when touting for a tip. The following story is said to account for the dissolution of friendship between Capt. Machell and Fred Archer, to whom Machell's success on the turf was largely responsible.

Immediately prior to riding "Queen Bee" at a particular meeting, Archer was importuned by a fair punter to whom, out of sheer mischief he gave, "Draycot" though he had previously advised Capt. Machell to back "Queen Bee."

By a freak of fortune "Draycot" won by a head, and the delighted lady related to Capt. Machell her good luck, mentioning Archer as the source of her information. The Captain thereupon threw himself into a great rage, wildly exclaiming in the jockey's hearing, "Save me from my friends!"



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[From an original drawing by CHRISTOPHER CLARK, R.I.]

150 Miles of Pipe Lines

Across the barren wastes of the Persian desert stretch the pipe lines of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. From Maidan-i-Naftun (the "Valley of Oil") they wend their way to the port of Abadan, a hundred and fifty miles distant. Thus, over the mountains and deserts of Persia, for countless years traversed only by camels and the slowly moving caravan, to-day there flows the crude oil which is the basis of "BP," the British Petrol.

The laying and maintaining of this vast stretch of pipe lines is one of the many activities by which the Anglo-Persian Oil Company makes provision for the British motorist's need for petrol. Improvements and extensions to the pipe line are

constantly going on to cope with the increasing flow of crude oil. In the year before the War the flow totalled 233,962 tons. By 1919 it had increased to 1,106,415. In three years that figure had more than doubled and during 1924-25 the total exceeded 4,250,000 tons. In the present year the yield of the Persian oilfields is expected to reach 5,000,000 tons.

There is no better crude oil in the world than that from Persia. There is no better equipped refinery than that at Llandarcy, in South Wales, where "BP," the British Petrol, is produced—facts which account for the unusually high quality and uniformity of "BP."

"BP"

The British Petrol

"THE WORLD OF MUSIC."—Continued from page 182

side shall be first-rate rather than that the money should be spent on a costly framework for inferior music. No opera-lover, certainly no musician, will complain of that. After all, in opera the music comes or should come first. But it must also be remembered that, in artistic matters, you cannot throw a sprat to catch a whale. It is no good spending lavishly in one department and economising in another. The only way to fill the theatre is to be first-rate all round. It pays to spend a little more, and, after all, in the case of scenery, it is only an initial cost. A wise outlay will be in the long run financially remunerative as well as artistically desirable.

It is, however, rather staggering to learn that, in spite of the admittedly excellent attendances, the season has been run at a loss. This throws some light on the exorbitant cost of opera. There is not in the world a costlier form of amusement, unless it be keeping a racing stable. It is obvious that in this case we should never have any International Opera season at all in London if it were not for the assistance of private persons who are willing to dip their hands in their pockets to pay the deficits. On the other hand, sometimes a great deal of unnecessary expense is incurred through inexperience and bad judgment. For example, after the first appearance of a new tenor as Tristan, it was realised, on reading the very bad and almost unanimous Press notices, that he was unsuitable, and Herr Fritz Soot had to be telegraphed for, and arrangements made for him to fly by aeroplane immediately to London from Germany. This was a costly business. Then the conductors of the Italian opera seemed less efficient than they might have been, and the *ensemble* in several of the Italian operas was notably bad. Accordingly the veteran Italian conductor, Signor Mugnone, had to be sent for at a moment's notice. This meant more expense. Such occurrences are extremely costly, and, apart from emergency measures of this sort, it is doubtful whether the London Syndicate began its operations early enough. If you leave securing a thing until you absolutely cannot do without it a moment longer, you are apt to pay

far more for it, and I don't imagine that the London Opera Syndicate has conducted its business on the most economical lines from the beginning.

Another important point is the settlement of general policy. Should the singers dictate the operas, or should the operas dictate the singers? Obviously it is no good drawing up a programme of first-rate operas if the right singers are not available; but it is equally certain that it is wasteful and bad business to throw away first-rate singers on inferior works. No one doubts that the presence of Mme. Jeritza dictated the production of "Tosca" and "Fédora." Her remarkable personality was sufficient to secure full houses for "Tosca"; but the superb singing of Mme. Toti dal Monte could not fill Covent Garden for "Lucia di Lammermoor," or even for "Il Barbiere," which is a rather good work—at any rate, it is an opera well worth hearing if the general level of performance is high, as it was in this case. It is impossible to foresee exactly all the vagaries of fashion, and I would not have predicted the success of "Tosca," and the failure (comparative) of "Il Barbiere"; although I would certainly have predicted the success of "Der Rosenkavalier."

But surely nobody expected such an opera as "Fédora" to draw, whereas anyone who is in touch at all with London musical opinion knows that what everyone is wanting to hear is a first-rate production of "Don Giovanni." Let the London Opera Syndicate give us that, and I predict a full house every night. But, of course, it must be a really first-rate production. Singers, orchestra, conductor, scenery—everything must be on the same high level. An indifferent or mediocre performance of "Don Giovanni" would only enrage everybody and keep them away.

Finally, it will not be possible for the London Opera Syndicate to live for ever on the success of "Der Rosenkavalier," "Meistersinger," and Mme. Jeritza. New successes must be found. I suggest that one of Strauss's latest works should now be produced, as "Der Rosenkavalier," although still a novelty to our public, is very many years old. Also it is about time that attention was turned to the Russians again. Isn't there a single opera of

Rimsky-Korsakov's which could be made into as great a success as "Der Rosenkavalier"? I think there are one or two which might, if properly done, run "Der Rosenkavalier" pretty close. Then there are the living men—for example, Prokofiev and Stravinsky. Is it beyond the imagination of the London Opera Syndicate to commission Prokofiev to write an opera for Covent Garden? If Mr. Diaghileff can do such things, why cannot the London Syndicate do them? Surely this is the only way to encourage the production of new masterpieces? We cannot be for ever living on the old. Mr. Prokofiev, for example, is a young composer who has proved himself to be a man of remarkable talent, perhaps even genius. It would be a real achievement if the London Opera Syndicate obtained a masterpiece from him as a commission, just as the Royal Philharmonic Society did in the case of Beethoven. If I heard that the London Opera Syndicate were doing this I should be content to wait some years for new stage settings of the old operas. But when new stage settings are required, I hope that the Syndicate will really see that first-rate artists are given a chance. What about Mr. William Nicholson for "The Flying Dutchman," Mr. Duncan Grant for a Prokofiev opera or for "Siegfried"? I won't mention more, for two is enough to begin with. But one's imagination catches fire at the very thought of the London Opera Syndicate's opportunities.

W. J. TURNER.

Tennis players will be glad to know that those grass and mud stains which so greatly spoil the appearance of white shoes can now be quickly effaced by the use of "Snowene," the white cleaner. If, after brushing off any adhering grass or dirt, a stain still remains, the white density of "Snowene" will quickly hide the soiled part, and give an even snowy whiteness to the whole shoe which makes it look wonderfully smart. "Snowene" can be applied to either buckskin, suede, or canvas shoes, and when thoroughly dry will not readily rub off. It is sold in attractive aluminium containers, complete with cleaning sponge, price 7d., and refill blocks at 2d. each.

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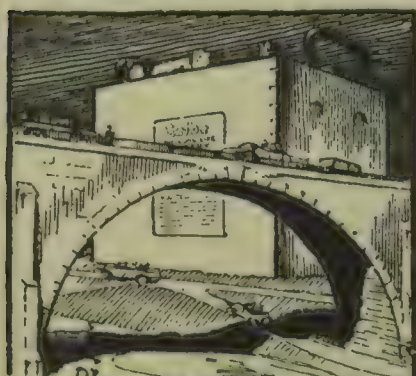
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE FAKE," AT THE LYCEUM.

WITH the revival of "The Fake," at the Lyceum, Mr. Frederick Lonsdale can now boast of having two plays of his running simultaneously at West End theatres. What eventual favour a piece which deals in melodramatic fashion with "the right to kill" will secure with the habitual patrons of the Wellington Street house remains, of course, to be seen. The first-night reception was certainly enthusiastic enough to warrant the belief that the dramatist's clever manipulation of the three stock characters of patient, resolute hero, appealing, ill-treated heroine, and brutal, repulsive villain will make as strong a sentimental appeal at the Lyceum in 1925 as it made at the Apollo last year. If this belief be well-founded, the result will be due as much to the grip of the players as to the effectiveness of the situations of the play. As the "strong" man, who holds that it is no murder to kill a homicidal dipsomaniac with an overdose of his own poison, Mr. Godfrey Tearle was again in his finest form; while Mr. Franklyn Bellamy repeated his former triumph as the nerve-wrecked aristocratic "dope fiend." Scarcely less successful was a newcomer, Miss Dorothy Seacombe, in the rôle of the suffering wife.

"THE WILD DUCK." AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

When the late Mr. Laurence Irving played Hjalmar Ekdal in "The Wild Duck" some twenty years ago, many of the stricter sect of the Ibsenites were so indignant with him for extracting a lot of fun out of the character that they said he clowned it. As a matter of fact, Mr. Irving was true to his author and got his effects quite legitimately, for many of Hjalmar's heroics are mock-heroics, and his self-adulation is often designedly comical. Mr. Milton Rosmer, who has the reversion of Mr. Irving's old part in the present St. James's revival, recognises this fact quite clearly, and fairly revels in the facilities and pomposities of poor Hjalmar. He has never done anything better, nor half so good. Indeed, all the players who take part in this revival



MR. A. J. V. VENABLES AND MISS ENID BURBIDGE, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED.



MISS GLADYS KEARLEY AND MR. RICHARD WOODMAN BURBIDGE, THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF WHOSE ENGAGEMENT HAS ALSO BEEN MADE.

AN INTERESTING DOUBLE ENGAGEMENT.

The announcement is made of the engagement of Mr. Richard Woodman Burbidge, only son of Sir Woodman and Lady Burbidge, to Miss Gladys Kearley, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Kearley, and a niece of Viscount Devonport. This engagement has immediately followed that of Mr. Burbidge's sister, Miss Enid Burbidge, to Mr. A. J. V. Venables. The young ladies are intimate friends. Sir Woodman Burbidge is Chairman and Managing Director of Harrods, Ltd., of Swan and Edgar, and of Gath and Claves, Ltd., of Buenos Aires and London, and Chairman of Dickins and Jones, Ltd.

Photographs by Navana, Ltd., and Dorothy Wilding.

are admirable. Miss Angela Baddeley, as Hedvig, is genuinely pathetic. Mr. Brember Wills furnishes a highly finished performance as old Ekdal. Mr. Sydney Bland gives an excellent account of the cynical

Dr. Relling. And Miss Sybil Arundale, who presents the play, is quite at home in the part of Hjalmar's matter-of-fact wife. Nor does that excellent Shakespearean actor, Mr. Ion Swinley, fail to make his mark as the priggish idealist, Gregers Werle. "The Wild Duck," at the St. James's, is indeed an excellent entertainment, as Ibsen's dramas generally are when they are properly played.

RADIO NOTES.

WITH a view to associating the work of the British Broadcasting Company still more closely with the musical profession, a Musical Advisory Board has been formed. The committee consists of Sir Hugh Allen (Royal College of Music), Mr. J. B. McEwen (Royal Academy of Music), Sir Walford Davies (University of Wales), Sir Landon Ronald (Guildhall School of Music), Dr. Whittaker (Armstrong College, Newcastle), and Colonel Somerville, the former Commandant of Kneller Hall. The functions of the committee are to give their views and to advise on the systematic development of musical appreciation amongst radio listeners, and also on the relations of the musical profession with broadcasting. Some interesting details in connection with broadcasting were given at the second ordinary general meeting of the B.B.C., held recently. On June 1, 1925, 1,371,581 licenses were in operation, and it was estimated that ten million inhabitants of the British Isles listen to the B.B.C. programmes either regularly or occasionally. Some of the costs of the broadcasting service are as follows: Artists, orchestras, etc., £176,608; news and copyright, £19,883; telephone charges for simultaneous broadcasting, £16,137; salaries and wages of programme staff, £43,726; rent, rates, taxes, light, heat, power, etc., £27,030; engineering running costs, development, and research, £41,507. At the twenty-one main and relay stations the plant and equipment are valued at £128,895.

Lord Gainford, chairman, referring to the Government's decision to appoint a representative committee in the autumn of this year to investigate the

[Continued overleaf.]

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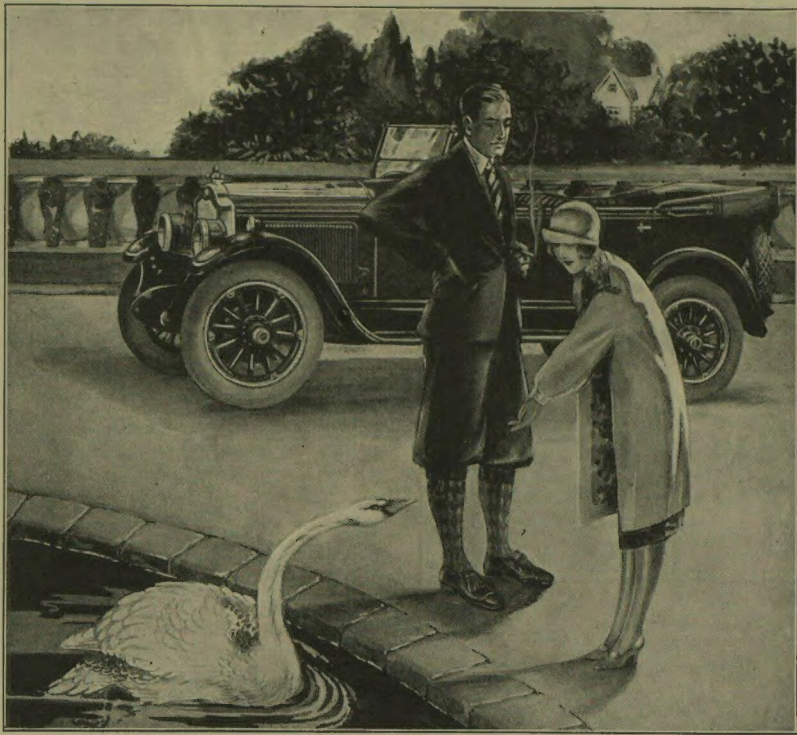


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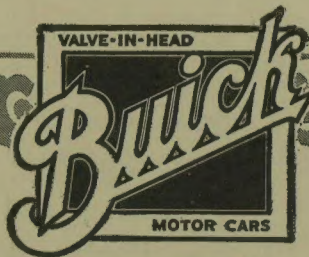
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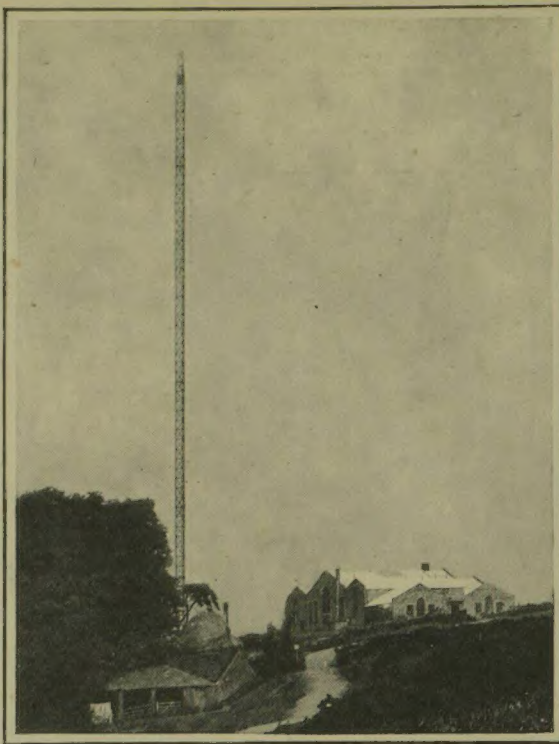
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"RADIO NOTES."—[Continued.]

whole problem of broadcasting, and to suggest how it should be conducted after the end of 1926, when the B.B.C. license expires, stated that the company will do all in its power to assist the inquiry.

The most notable advance made in pure radio reception is due to a very great extent to the incorporation of "power-amplifying" valves in a multi-valve receiver. Formerly it was the practice to equip a four valve set with valves of similar characteristics, and later with three similar valves, acting respectively as high-frequency amplifier, detector, low-frequency amplifier, and the fourth valve as a power-amplifier. Now, however, Burndebt Wireless, Ltd., have gone a step further towards perfect loud-speaker reproduction by fitting two power valves to their latest product, the Ethophone V. (Mark IV.). This receiver is designed especially for the reception of music and speech not only from British stations, but also from the principal European stations. Except for the necessary batteries, the set is self-contained in a neat moulded and polished cabinet, harmonising with the furniture of any home. Fitted with the new dull emitter valves "D.E.3" or "D.E.5," a six-volts accumulator will run the set daily for a month or more before it is necessary to re-charge. Tuning is controlled by only two dials, and provision is made for enabling "reaction" to be increased to any extent necessary when distant broadcasting stations are required. Plate current is supplied to the first three valves (the third being a power-amplifier) from a large 45-50 super H.T. battery. The fourth valve, also a power-amplifier, is fed separately from a second super H.T. battery, this method being a great improvement on the former practice of supplying H.T. current to all valves from one battery. Another interesting feature of the Ethophone V. is the self-contained selective device, controlled by a simple switch, which may enable



THE NEW HIGH-POWERED BROADCASTING STATION.

With an aerial supported between masts 500 feet high, transmissions from the new super-station erected by the British Broadcasting Company at Daventry are expected to be so powerful that crystal-set reception will be possible a hundred miles away. The new station is to be opened on July 27 by the Postmaster-General.—[Photograph by Barratt.]

local interference to be eliminated. The front panel is of matt-finished ebonite, shielded at the back with metal, thus preventing howling or diminution of signals when the hand approaches the set for tuning adjustments. This remarkable receiver, used in conjunction with the Burndebt "Ethophone" loud-speaker, gives extraordinarily fine reproduction of broadcasts. Even though the aerial be one of the indoor variety, it is possible to tune in many of the Continental stations at loud-speaker strength.

To enable every patient in the many London hospitals to obtain enjoyment by listening to broadcasts, the *Daily News* has opened a fund for that purpose, and already many thousands of pounds have been received from the generous public, and gifts in kind (receiving-sets, loud-speakers, head-phones, etc.) have been sent by many of the leading radio manufacturers. Donations should be addressed to "Hospitals," *Daily News*, Bouverie Street, London, E.C. 4.

The Duchess of York's new niece, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone (writes "A.E.L."), has the Duke for a godfather, and was christened by the Archbishop of York, so she should be a real white rose of York. Her other godparents were Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck; her aunt, Lady Rose Leveson-Gower; Lady Katharine Hamilton, the very handsome girl friend of the family; and Miss Callander, of Preston Hall. The three sisters, mother and aunts of the bride, recalled their portraits in last year's Academy. They are certainly three typically charming looking people. St. Mark's, North Audley Street, was the scene of the christening, and the baby behaved beautifully. She is Lord and Lady Elphinstone's third daughter. They have two sons; the Master of Elphinstone is in his twelfth year.

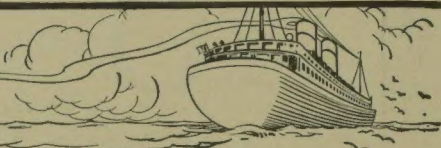


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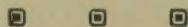
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